

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
FIFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
Oregon Pioneer Association ;
FOR
1877 ;
AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS,
TOGETHER WITH
A POEM BY FRANCIS HENRY, ESQ., THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON.
STEPHEN STAATS, A POEM BY SAM'L L. SIMPSON, ESQ., OBITUARY
NOTICES OF MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED THE PAST YEAR,
AND THE
NAMES OF MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.



SALEM, OREGON :
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
1878.

FIFTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
SALEM, June 16, 1876. }

The fifth Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held on the State Agricultural Fair Grounds near Salem, and continued two days, and was held under favorable auspices; a very large number of members and their friends were present to participate in the exercises and festivities.

The assembly was called to order promptly at 10.30 o'clock by the President, Hon. John Minto, who announced that the Chaplain, Rev. L. H. Judson, would invoke Divine blessing, which was immediately followed by the Opening Address delivered as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—We have here assembled to exchange the kindly greeting, becoming a social re-union of those who have labored in a common cause, and whose exertions have secured a common good.

The 15th day of June has been adopted by you, as an Association, as the day of all the year, whereon it is fitting you should annually meet together to renew old associations; look back with thankful pleasure at the days of hardship and danger you passed in order to fix your homes in this goodly land; and congratulate each other in the great and growing good to the human family, resulting from your labors in opening the extensive country you first knew as Oregon, for the occupation and use of civilized man.

Since we last met, the number of Oregon Pioneers has been diminished by death, and Joseph Cox, J. C. Avery, Ralph Wilcox and George Abernethy will never re-appear at our Annual Re-Unions again. These were all men of mark in the ranks of Oregon Pioneers. The first, and last though one, was born on the eastern, and the other on the western edge of the United States were of

remarkable similarity of general character; lovers of liberty, friends of humanity, quiet, grave, teaching the principles of self government by example, and firm in their loyalty to the government that to them represents those principles. The last mentioned, was the first man chosen to the highest position among those who planted the flag of Republican law and order on this coast. He was worthy of the trust*. While we may mourn the decrease of the numbers of the Association by the operation of natural laws, we have great reason for joy and gladness in view of the general good health and abundance our country and its seasons secure to us. For we know by more than one-third of a centuries' experience, that though other lands are visited by drouth and other causes of scarcity, "seed time and harvest" has never been known to fail in Oregon.

In view, then, of the almost boundless wealth of field, forest and mines, to which your early enterprise has led mankind, it is fitting you should give at least one summers' day annually from the shady side of your lives, and from the checkered coolness of this grove, cast your memories back to the weary march across the sun scorched plains, and see yourselves as you once were, toil worn, dust covered, weary, yet hopeful leaders in the advance of human interests. It is no shame to you, ladies and gentlemen, if, as pioneers you builded better than you knew, and that the results are greater than the conception, is the clearest evidence that God worked with you.

As the Oregon to which we as pioneers led the way, is much more extensive than the political division to which the name attaches, your Directors have deemed it fitting to invite to address you on this occasion, the Hon. Elwood Evans, of Washington Territory, whom I now introduce to you.

Hon. Elwood Evans began his in a clear, distinctly audible tone of voice, and for one hour and twenty minutes held the large audience spell-bound by his matchless eloquence. The words that fell from his lips thrilled his hearers with delightful emotions, and bore the stamp of untiring energy and patience in their selection, so choice, so pure, so peculiarly fitted were they.

*It is one of the strange facts of history, that in the year 1845, which is the special theme of this Re-Union, the great and eloquent Daniel Webster, speaking to a Boston audience, and hoping to be heard by both nations interested, could so far loose faith in the expanding power of the flag, his own words had brightened and lifted up in the estimation of mankind, as to predict the rise of an independent republic in Oregon! While George Abernethy, the poor Steward of a small band of poor Missionaries whose watchword was for Christ and humanity, quietly took the position of *Provisional Governor* of Oregon, and with steadfast loyalty to the United States, waited until its chosen officers should extend the protection of its flag over himself and fellow citizens.

The accuracy of chronological and historical events, showed elaborate research and great study in the preparation of his allotted task. He dwelt at length in a eulogy on the lamented Abernethy, the Provisional Governor, claiming him to be a man of wisdom, honesty of purpose and fearless in the performance of his duties. He thought the Cayuse war of 1847 was probably the most important feature of Oregon's history. His peroration was simply grand, containing incomparable language and evincing the indisputable evidence of a master mind. He was earnest in his appeals to the Pioneers of Oregon to perpetuate her early history, by the continuation of her annual gatherings.

At the conclusion of Mr. Evans's address, Hon. Rufus Mallory read a poem wrote by Mr. Frank Henry, of Olympia, W. T., entitled "The Oregon Pioneer," which was rendered as admirably as it was beautiful.

After the reading of the poem, the audience was dismissed and a general pic-nic lunch enjoyed.

At 3 o'clock the procession was formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Hon. R. C. Geer, assisted by James Elkins, Esq. Headed by the fife and drums the divisions, thirteen in number, all bearing banners indicating the year of their arrival, marched to the speakers' stand, where they all were seated, Hon. Stephen Staats, of Polk county, was introduced and proceeded to deliver the Occasional Address, and for a full hour interested the audience by the happy strain for which he is noted. His address was replete with historical data, and sparkled with bright humor throughout, eliciting many happy remarks from the audience as well as convulsing them in laughter.

Upon the closing of Mr. Staats' remarks the President suggested that some of the Pioneer ladies be called upon to make some remarks, whereupon Mrs. A. J. Duniway, editress of the *New Northwest*, was called and responded in a happy manner, relat-

ing her experiences of 1845, which proved to be very interesting to the audience. Mrs. John Minto was next called, and responded with some diffidence, but her effort was a complete success, and decidedly entertaining.

In the evening, the Association gave a grand ball, which was well attended, and dancing kept up until near day-light, in which the youth and beauty Oregon, enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, while near by in the oak grove the older portion of the Association, were recounting their experiences of time long gone by. Among the speakers was Dr. Wm. McKay, who spoke of early times in Oregon, of things that transpired between 1820 and 1830. In 1828 the Willamette Valley was full of Indians. On the Willamette and on the Columbia, their canoes numbered thousands. In 1830, a disease killed off the bulk of the population. The Doctor stated that since he became acquainted with medicine he thinks that the contagion was scarlet fever. On Sauvie's Island about one mile from its head, on a place owned by the Howell Bros., stood an Indian village of 500 souls. For some days no one from this village had been seen at Vancouver, and a messenger was sent down who found every inhabitant dead except two infants and one of these was found at the breast of its dead mother. Thus did the simple savages perish. It is said, however, that old Indian John gives it as his firm belief the Hudson Bay authorities poisoned this community for the purpose of getting undisputed possession of the Island for dairy farm. Certain it is that such use was soon made of the rich bottom land. Several others spoke and the meeting did not break up until a late hour.

SECOND DAY.

Punctually at 9 o'clock, A. M., the meeting was called to order by the President, when he stated that the first business was the report of officers, whereupon the Recording Secretary submitted the following report:

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I would respectfully beg leave to submit this my second annual report of the year's operations of the Association.

There has been quite a number of names added to our list, and strenuous efforts have been made to enroll all persons who came prior to first of January, 1853.

DEATHS.

There are quite a large number of the early settlers of Oregon who have passed away, and some of them were men who have contributed greatly towards establishing civil government, education and religion in this fair portion of our common country. Their names are permanently engraved in their country's roll, and have occupied responsible political positions, and acquitted themselves with credit, and a grateful people will treasure their memory and good deeds. During the last year, ex-Governor George Abernethy, has joined the silent majority. He was a Christian gentleman, and all who were so fortunate as to become acquainted with him were benefitted thereby. A short biographical sketch was published in the last Annual Transactions.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox, was another of Oregon's historical names. The melancholy circumstances which surround his death detract nothing from his good name. Possessing talent of superior quality, aided by thorough and refined education in his youth, thus enabling him to commence life's battles with superior advantages for usefulness to State and people, and they were always used in that direction. A biographical sketch had been prepared for publication, but was inadvertently omitted.

Hon. Joseph C. Avery died on June 16, 1876, at the time of our last Re-Union. Joseph Cox, of Marion county, died October, 1876, and short biographical sketches of them will be found in our Transactions. Hon. A. A. Skinner who died while on a visit to California. Mr. Hugh Harrison, who came to this country in 1847, died May 26, 1877, having resided nearly thirty years in Oregon, and was well respected by all who knew him. James Welch, C. E. Calef, S. N. Arrigoni and James Davidson, have all passed away, and were old settlers.

Undoubtedly there are many more deaths that should be mentioned, but they are unknown to your Secretary.

PIONEER PAPER.

Mr. Alex. P. Murgotten has started *The Pioneer*, in San Jose, California, exclusively in the interest of the different Pioneer Associations, and has been endorsed by the Pioneer Society of California; Society of the State of Nevada; Society of Mexican Veterans, and a large number of other societies whose ob-

ject is the perpetuation of the early history of local situations. The editor has generously sent a number of copies to be distributed for your examination. I have read the paper and have found it to be what it proclaimed to be, "devoted to the interest of the Pioneers" of this coast, and I think it worthy of support; and has published many thrilling biographical sketches, scraps of history, etc., that would undoubtedly have been lost. It is published weekly, and of good size, and the editor wishes this Association to endorse the paper as an organ.

EXPENSES.

The expenses of the Association for the last year have not been as great as the year before, and it is to be hoped that the Association may be cleared of the debt that has almost paralyzed its objects and endeavors.

In conclusion, allow me to thank you for the many acts of kindness received.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Secretary.

The Treasurer submitted the following report, which, on motion was adopted:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the O. P. A.:

GENTLEMEN: I submit the following report as Treasurer of your Association for the year past:

1876.

RECEIPTS.

To amount on hand as per report.....	\$ 15 75
" received from ball.....	256 00
" " J. Henry Brown, Sec'y.....	166 00
" " " " " 	7 09
" " J. Minto, to credited on account*.....	2 00
" " S. F. Chadwick, " " 	2 00
" " W. H. Rees " " 	2 00
" " J. M. Bacon " " 	2 00
" " F. X. Mathieu " " 	2 00

*After the last meeting of the Association, it was found that the hotel bill for the band was yet due, and it became necessary to obtain the amount by contribution, therefore the following members paid each \$2.00: John Minto, S. F. Chadwick, W. H. Rees, J. M. Bacon, F. X. Mathieu and Wm. J. Herren, with the understanding that the same be placed to their credit on the Secretary's books.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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To amount received from W. J. Herren, credited on ac't.....	\$2 00
“ “ “ R. P. Boise, dues	1 00
“ “ “ Wm. Bagley, membership fee.....	1 00
“ “ “ R. L. Morris, dues	1 00
“ “ “ J. H. McMullen, dues.....	2 00
	————\$461 75

EXPENDITURE.

By amount paid warrant No. 9 W. J. Herren.....	\$ 15 00
“ “ “ “ 12 W. Graves.....	8 00
“ “ “ “ 13 A. Henline.....	22 00
“ “ “ “ 14 Band.....	160 00
“ “ “ “ 15 “	33 00
“ “ “ “ 16 P. Emerson.....	9 00
“ “ “ “ 17 W. Wallace.....	18 00
“ “ “ “ 18 C. A. Reed.....	50 00
“ “ “ “ 19 E. M. Waite.....	100 00
“ “ “ “ 20 Strong & Bain.....	3 38
“ “ “ “ 21 S. H. & D. Co.....	10 00
“ “ “ “ 22 Committee	5 50
“ “ “ “ 25 Mrs. Johnson.....	5 00
“ “ “ “ 26 Geo. Williams.....	7 50
“ “ “ “ 30 Band	21 00
“ amount on hand.....	4 37
	————\$461 75

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

The following were elected by acclamation:

President, Wm. J. Herren.

Vice President, Gen. Joel Palmer.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Reese.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon.

Three Directors, Joseph Watt, Ralph C. Geer and Thomas Monteith.

A resolution was passed, asking Dr. Wm. McKay to prepare an article on the early history of Oregon.

On motion, the *West Shore* was designated as the organ of the Association.

On motion the Association adjourned.

The audience then resolved to enjoy themselves, and called upon Gen. Palmer, Dr. Rowland, Rev. J. L. Parrish, and others who responded, and entertained them for sometime by extemporaneous speeches.

JOHN MINTO, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Nov. 8, 1877.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the Chemeketa Hotel, and was called to order by the President, W. J. Herren.

On motion, all the persons present were invited to participate.

On motion, Judge William Strong, of Portland, was unanimously chosen to deliver the Annual Address at the Re-Union on the 15th of June, 1878.

On motion, Gen. Joel Palmer, was chosen alternate to Judge Strong.

On motion, the President was empowered to select a suitable person to deliver the Occasional Address for 1878.

Rev. R. C. Hill, of Albany, was chosen Chaplain for the next Re-Union.

Hon. Medorum Crawford, of Dayton, Yamhill county, was chosen Chief Marshal.

Mr. W. H. Rees resigned from the Printing Committee, and Hon. R. P. Boise was elected to fill the vacancy. The Committee re-elected consists of E. N. Cooke, S. F. Chadwick, John Minto, R. P. Boise and J. Henry Brown.

Mr. Rees moved that the names of the members be published in Annual Transactions.

The Secretary introduced the following which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is earnestly requested to assign a room in the State House for the use of the Oregon Pioneer Association, for the purposes

of transacting business, safe keeping of the archives, books and other valuables that they now have or may become possessed of.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. S. F. Mathews, the genial landlord of Chemeketa Hotel, for his kindness in furnishing a room for our meeting.

On motion, the Board adjourned until the last Thursday in March, 1878.

WM. J. HERREN, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

Less than a generation ago, the national character of this land, which, with so much satisfaction we call *home*, was in dispute,—I will not say *doubt*, because my faith was the same as that of the Pioneers prior to 1846, and it remains unchanged—that the United States was the rightful owner of Oregon, and that its northern boundary was the historic 54° 40'. Still that claim was challenged and with measurable success by the *then* most powerful nation of the earth. Great Britain within its limits had for many years been represented by the presence of an European trading company whose purpose and policy were as much the *Anglicising* of the region as the pursuit of wealth. The native population had become dependants of that mammoth political corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company, were the willing servants at its establishments, voyageurs, hunters and trappers, to secure and bring in the produce of the country,—and available as troops were such services required. With this ever-present twofold cause of anxious solicitude, requiring constant circumspection and courage, the little hand-full of American men, women and children, essayed their first foothold in Oregon. Poor in this world's goods, few in numbers and widely scattered, still were they *one* in purpose and feeling. All were animated with the hope, inspired with the confidence and devoted the idea that their native land, rightful owner of these beautiful regions, would maintain its supremacy and soon become the sole and undisputed possessor. To them it was not the State of Oregon as now bounded. "No pent-up Utica" contracted their patriotic pride. It was the "Oregon of History," the country westward of the Rocky Mountains, lying between Mexico and Alaska. Each returning anniversary of the day which marks the American christening of Oregon must vividly recall that picture of the memorable past. When I review the history of that decade which preceded June 15th, 1846, the date of the recognition of United States sovereignty, and then continued on to August 14, 1848, when the Federal Government at last acknowledged its parental duty to protect its children, and placed

Oregon upon the same footing as other Territories, I loose all confidence in my ability to do justice to that period, to those men and to the history that they made.

The honor of appearing before this multitude to bear testimony why this Re-Union should take place upon this particular day of each succeeding year, is too deeply appreciated to permit a belief that such misgivings arise from any personal feelings. My good friends in Oregon, always more kind than I deserve, have heralded my expected performance in such laudatory phase, that unwittingly they have increased my difficulty, for I confess to an ambition which stimulates the effort to justify that encomium. Although you have been promised more than you will realize, I indulge the hope that you may not go away entirely disappointed.

The eloquence you will hear, is embodied in the recital of the acts of the Fathers of the American Oregon and their claims to posterity's undying regard—labors which narrated plainly and without color are all-sufficient to elicit your heartiest satisfaction. We are here to-day to exhibit our gratitude for their works,—to manifest our pride in their patriotic devotion and sturdy Americanism, to attest our warmest approval of their successful establishment of free institutions. At the expense of repetition of what has been said by distinguished predecessors, it shall be my sole aim to renew, strengthen and perpetuate the regard, veneration and love, so eminently due those to whom the nation is indebted for hastening and assuring the *reclamation* of Oregon and the assertion within it of Federal jurisdiction.

The United States Government had not only studiously neglected its citizens who had carried westward to the shores of the Pacific the emblem of our nationality, and had there planted the seeds of Republican institutions, but it persisted in utterly disregarding the representations of those settlers as to the vast natural resources of the country. The wealth to-day of the State of Oregon is the glorious vindication of the first American settlers in the assurances they made to their fellow-citizens and to the National Government. It teaches also the nation what was lost by the failure of duty to itself and to its children. Unmindful of the testimony and remonstrances of the Pioneers, the Government, by the "Treaty of Limits," signed June 15, 1846, *temporized* a protracted controversy by the surrender of nearly half the region. Recurring to that *indifference* of the nation, a something akin to humiliation is too likely to arise,—but proportionately as that blunder provokes chagrin, at once such feeling is effaced by veneration and affection kindling to enthusiastic pride in the devotion and self-sacrifice of our Pioneers. Their history is our boast—each passing event, each occurrence of that period excites our deepest attention. With what unspeak-

able interest, we linger upon their hardships and vicissitudes as they accomplish the American settlement of Oregon,—their “holding the Fort,” till the United States became ready to do its duty. Never did that little band falter in their *faith* that their “land of promise” was and would forever remain a part of their and our country. To abridge the area of the Oregon as they knew it and occupied it, was foreign to their every thought. We dwell upon each incident of the journey hither, whether it be the long voyage around Cape Horn, or the *then* more dangerous and tedious crossing of the broad continent. They came to Oregon to establish American States, to prepare it for the homes of civilization. A wilderness whose solitude was here and there disturbed by scattered Posts which denoted claim adverse to their mission, and *really* asserted the intended supremacy of a foreign rival nation. Here were the haunts of a native race jealous of the advent of Americans, and unfriendly, not to say hostile, to their presence and purpose. Such was the prospect which presented itself to the early immigrants upon their arrival after they had almost worn themselves out in reaching the scene of their future labors. The “Oregon of 1877” is the triumphant sequel of that injection of the leaven of healthy Americanism into the country west of the Rocky mountains before the United States had made any effort as a nation to hold the country. From the miraculous exhibit of progress this day before and around, you can acquire no idea of the Oregon which the fathers vitalized into an American commonwealth. That marked contrast, that unparalleled advancement, speaks unmistakably the foresighted sagacity of its founders. A generation not yet completed, and behold the change! I am insensibly drawn to the inimitable language of the polished and peerless Everett in justly glorifying the primitive settlement of New England, so slightly modified to be entirely applicable to the Americanization of Oregon. It falls short in being descriptive of Oregon progress, and were he here to-day performing the duty assigned to me, even he would be at a loss to adequately portray our growth from quite as small beginnings, and under quite as adverse circumstances.

Says he, “Were it only as an act of rare adventure, were it a trait in foreign or ancient history, we should live upon the achievements of our fathers as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing, it must gain, in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man. A continent, for the first time, effectually explored; a vast ocean, traversed by men, women and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest portions of the Old World; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundations so perilously laid by this feeble band,—point me to the record or to the tradition of any thing that can enter into competition

with it! It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say that there is nothing in the accounts of Phœnician, or Grecian, or of Roman colonization that can stand in the comparison."

"What new importance, then, does not the achievement acquire for us, when we consider that it was the deed of our fathers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region then explored is our native land; that the unravelled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; that their weary banishment gave us a home; that to their separation from everything which is dear and pleasant in life we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges, which make our lot the envy of mankind! These are the well known titles of our [Pioneers] to our gratitude and veneration."

From that little beginning, in the face of discouragement from parental government, surrounded with unfriendly and jealous rivals, our fathers achieved success. The State of Oregon already a leading member in the Union of States, three prosperous growing Territories ready and willing to assume the mantle of Statehood, are but the offspring and successors in interest of the Oregon of June 15th, 1846, all laying claim to the privilege of commemorating these events, all with equal right asserting this to be their common history. And why should we not celebrate the anniversary of the day which marks the baptism with American nationality of so vast, so important a region? Indeed, this Oregon anniversary of yours and ours, clusters with glorious reminiscences of an eventful past. Nations have their festivities based upon an important event or crisis in their history. Gratitude for, or pride in the service of an eminent warrior, statesman, philanthropist or reformer causes the birth-day of the great, the good, the patriotic, to be set apart and observed with appropriate ceremony, to the end that an illustrious and well-spent life may continue green in the memory of posterity. But *Oregon-day* to the Pioneers and their descendants is justly before other days. As patriots the glow of pride rushes to their cheeks as they call to mind that it marks the peaceful recognition of the United States sovereignty in its *their* only territory west of the Rocky mountains. No longer were these patriotic Pioneers expatriated. Again they stood upon their native land.

"They love that land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why."

On that day, although their ideal Oregon was shorn of its fair proportions, yet, in what was *saved*, the *incubus* of foreign claim was lifted, and the stars

and stripes went aloft in triumph, the harbinger that the United States of America had extended its empire to the broad Pacific.

While we really commemorate the birth-day of our country's supremacy on the Pacific-side of the continent, still the antecedent labors of our Pioneers are so interwoven with this great political fact, this pivotal point marking the "new departure" in political relations of the occupants of the Territory, that it is eminently fitting, indeed essential upon each returning anniversary to lift the flag which that day enveloped the region in its ample folds, and anticipate that act of tardy performed duty on the part of the nation. Penetrating the veil and looking behind, what do we realize? Our fellow countrymen and women few in numbers, but steadfast in purpose, who had been forgotten by their government, yet neglect could not weaken their loyalty and love. Submitting patiently to that injustice, always true to birth-right and origin, they carried with them love of Republican institutions, had established, and upon that very day were successfully administering a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Oregon already contained within it an infant Republic. Here was a thriving, loyal American commonwealth, started by children of the great republican household, who though for the time discarded, had ever been animated with unabated zeal for the glory and grandeur of their parent government.

When I contemplate this history, this undying devotion to *Fatherland*, this patriotic love of their native institutions, I know not which most to commend—their implicit confidence in the title of their country to Oregon which they never failed to assert on every proper occasion, and so sure were they that it would be maintained, their patriotic avowal was that the government they constituted, their trusteeship of the Territory should only continue "until such time as the United States shall extend jurisdiction;"—their signal and undying love for Republican institutions, breathing through every line of the fundamental code of the government they founded; or their eminent conservative wisdom as displayed in that system, the laws enacted and their administration. How truly

"Each man made his own stature, built himself :
Virtue alone outbids the pyramids,
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Such are the associations which belong to the day we celebrate,—the history it commemorates. Distinguished citizens of your State, themselves identified with those times and acts, who helped to make that history, have on previous occasions with superior eloquence portrayed the claims to the kind remembrance of Oregonians of this day, its antecedents, its glorious results. But we cannot too often repeat these things, which should be as dear to us as "household words." These heroes who laid so wisely the foundation of States are passing

away, but the fruit of their work is lasting as time. Their story will go down from generation to generation and be the theme of deserved commendation upon each return of Oregon-day. Truth changes not as time advances, and justice to these States-builders warrants the recalling of these reminiscences of by-gone days as long as the State itself shall endure.

It is a privilege to be with you to-day;—to meet face to face the survivors of that heroic band, the old patriarchs, the brave women who traversed oceans or the vast American desert plains, who crossed huge mountain barriers to plant upon this Western slope the seeds of our American civilization; who made the path easy for us, their followers, to find our new home;—who accepted exile from home and kindred to devote themselves to the task of perpetuating free government and popular liberty;—who braved the barbarisms of a hostile native race; who entered the lists with a wealthy foreign organization to defeat it, wresting from their country this goodly portion of our national heritage; who petitioned, implored and after the long continued hope-deferred succeeded in stimulating their government to be true to itself and hold its own, and to stand by and protect its loving children; who, while that parent government refused to govern its own territory assumed without usurping that function, stamped the virgin soil of the vast region with the impress of man's right to self-government and dedicated as the home of free-speech, free-thought and free-men; who adopted the principles of the Federal Constitution as the true test of the soundness of all their legal enactments, and caused their government to be administered in harmony with its spirit. Surely these children of the great Republic, though at the time rejected by their country and sometimes derided for their singleness of purpose in Americanizing this region, have earned and secured a lasting, living, brilliant page in history :

“ Upbearing, like the ark of God
The Bible in their van,—
They went to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
They trod the prairie as of old
Their father's sailed the sea,
And made the West, as they the East
The homestead of the Free.”

Is there a doubt that the American occupancy of Oregon and its dedication to settlement, was in its every feature as vast an undertaking for each individual participant, as that attending the colonization of any Province, State or Nationality of which a record is preserved? Carry your minds back to that period. Imagine the then seemingly insuperable remoteness of the country from the extreme limits of our then American civilization. A broad continent isolated it

from the States from which it must receive is accession of population. Vast deserts and mountain chains till then believed impassable, laid between the goal of their desire and the home they were to abandon; or oceans had to be traversed requiring weary months and untold risks to be encountered. The policy of the National Government could only be accounted for on the supposition that this country was regarded valueless and impracticable for American settlement. Statesman and publicists had been wont to speak derisively of the idea that American civilization would press westward, cross the Rocky mountains and secure a foothold on the shores of the Pacific. In that pre-historic period the gloom of desolation hung like a pall over the whole North-west coast. All we then knew was embraced in the not encouraging picture,

" That the breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

The published voyages to North-west America ascribing names to certain portions of the coast, perpetuating the remembrance of the perfidy and cruelty of the natives to our race, Jewett's narrative of the loss of the ship *Boston*, the sad fate of the *Tonquin*, the failure of Astor's scheme, had stripped this whole region of a single inviting feature. The immortal Bryant in his matchless and majestic "Vision of Death" dedicated as its fit abiding-place those

" Continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings."

The dread solitude of his own creation, is thus broken, for "the dead are there." In those days the education of an American youth was deemed incomplete, if he could not recite those verses, and even yet no orator alludes to Oregon without citing those lines. When you hear them do you not even now feel the awe of that inspiration? Think of it! A high northern latitude with a *supposed* correspondingly frigid climate,—a desolate, ocean-washed, rock-ribbed shore line, backed by chains of mighty mountains, cutting in twain the continent, and "piercing to the sky with their eternal cones of ice," those dreary "continuous woods," distance from you, wide as "West from East,"—aggregate all these with the ghastly reminder, "yet the dead are there." Much as I love that poetry, greatly as I venerate the ancient bard who has given such prestige to the literature of native land; yet how cruel was he to paint such a picture of the surroundings of a region, in which we have made such happy homes. That word-painting of unsurpassed beauty is still inseparately associated with the mighty Columbia and the vast area of country, which it drains. The poet sought a solitude so profound that might prove exempt from the visitation of death—he carries us to what he treats as the uttermost end of earth to

find the most solitary spot because of remoteness. Here he loses us in *woods* of boundless extent and almost impenetrable density. Amid loneliness so profound, a silence as dismal would prevail, but for the never-ceasing quiet monotony and monotonous continuance of running-waters plashing the banks as they dashed along to lose identity in the vastness of ocean. They are passing away;—even they cannot abide in this solitary place. Every word carries the gloom and loneliness of the grave, reminds us we are passing on to sink our identity among “the countless millions who slumber in earth’s bosom.” Not content with such creation, he personifies death as reigning—makes more desolate the desolation by that finishing-stroke, “the *dead* reign here alone.”

Oregon with “her peopled fields, her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad deep bays; her wide transparent lakes, long-winding rivers, and populous water falls; her delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities,” has not yet outlived those repulsive associations which that grandest of poems stamped upon its forests, aye, even upon the waters of the mighty river of the west as they pass out to the sea. Unwittingly he contributed to the continuance of the theory that the Northwest, and the Oregon river were the most inhospitable of earth, for it cannot be denied that thought, or rather characteristic expression embodying it, not infrequently gives color to passing events.

Back in those early days it required no little courage to efface this almost indelible mantle of dreary distance and inhospitable wilderness and *resolve* to go to Oregon. To *reach* there was yet another matter. That was the *hard work* continuing through as many *weary months* as *days of pleasure* are now afforded by the pic-nic excursion to early homes and kindred. The achievement of that journey at that time was a genuine heroism in which we may take much pride. Well, may we love those Pioneers “for the dangers they had passed” in reaching this land, so accessible now, so inviting, so abundantly blessed with everything required to secure human happiness.

The Oregonians of that early time will remember Lieut. Howison of the U. S. Navy, commander of the ill-fated *Shark*, lost on the bar of the Columbia, September 10, 1846, in attempting to go to sea. He visited Oregon officially, and made a very valuable report, to which reference will again be made. Of that memorable advent of those early immigrants, he says, “they brave dangers and accomplish Herculean labors on the journey across the mountains. For six months consecutively they have the sky for a pea-jacket and the wild buffalo for company, and during the time are reminded of no law but expediency.”

That “crossing the plains” has been immortalized in verse. Here is a daily *Oregonian* issued upon Oregon-day of Columbia’s first centennial. It is “The Oregon Pioneer,” from the graceful poem of my valued and admired friend,

Francis Henry, Esq., of Olympia, scholar, humorist, wit. This idyl proves also that he can revel in the field of poesy and with rare fidelity cull its brightest flowers to weave into a chaplet of never fading beauty. He thus depicts that overland voyage, its hardships and vicissitudes—then reproduces Oregon as it was, the trials of those days, and introduces the ancient cabin, the big fire-place and the historic rifle hanging near, “faithful in times gone by to feed him or to defend.”

His hopeful flock all gathered round, the sage
Now opening up the retrospective view,
Instructs them in the history of that age
When he was young and Oregon was new.
His mem'ry freshening as his words pursue,
The theme's as coming as the winter's rain;
And if the stories that he tells be true,
That gun—reeking with hecatombs of slain—
An equal never had, nor such will be again.

Nor since the tribal heads of all the Jews
Went first through Canaan's dubious land, to see
What it was, whether fat or lean, and whose,
Were ever founders of a colony
Tried like those pioneers of “*forty-three*,”
Who, moved by that fierce spirit of unrest
Which scorns to dwell in dull security,
Turned from a land with smiling plenty blest,
To face the unknown dangers of the howling West.

Full well he dwells upon that pilgrimage
Through deserts scarcely known to man before;
Tells how they marched o'er wastes of sand and sage,
With cracking lips, and blistered feet and sore;
And of thirst and hunger which they bore;
Nor doth suppress nor gloss those numberless
Heart-burning jealousies, which ate the core
From out the romance of the wilderness;
Where souls of men were tried like vintage by the press.

Nor found he at his tedious journey's end
Rest from his toils, or surcease of his woes.
No brother met to welcome and befriend;
No latch-string hung inviting to repose.
On every side primeval nature rose
As it was formed. And he like Adam stood—
That time he saw the gates of Eden close—
The monarch of a bristling solitude,
As poor in worldly goods, and very near as nude.

The list'ning flock with growing wonder hear
How the great founders of their “institutes”
Made clothing from the skins of elk and deer,
And lived upon jerked game and *camas* roots,

"Which," said the sage, "were first-rate substitutes
 For farmers' truck, and all that commerce brings"
 "Drat them!" the wife exclaims, "the skins of brutes
 Wer'nt made for human wear; they are sick things
 To bind when dry; and when they're wet they're stretchy strings."

With all due cour'sy to his honored wife,
 The patriarch no word of her's gainsays,
 But still exalts that rugged frontier life
 Above the customs of these later days.
 Though rough they fared and straightened were their ways,
 Like brother's dwelt those hardy men of yore,
 Nor knew those vain distinctions pride will raise
 Where commerce heaps up the superfluous store,
 'Till envy makes what erst were wealth seem mean and poor.

Nor glitt'ring coin or graven rags were there,
 For men to wrangle o'er like dogs at meat.
 None sought to grasp his weaker brother's share,
 Or sighed for wealth he could not wear or eat.
 Then dues were paid in honest pelts and wheat.
 Nor courts and jails, nor bolts and bars were seen,
 There were no rogues to steal, and lie and cheat;
 Nor strifes arose, nor angry fends between
 Those men of old, to mar their happiness serene.

I could not more profitably and pleasantly detain you than in reading through this glorious production. I trust that some reader who will do ample justice to its literary merit, its pure pathos, its hidden humor, its admirable descriptive vein will during these festivities read it,—to the end that it may be incorporated among these proceedings and placed in such form that every lover of Oregon may be able to preserve it. Mr. President, accept from me this well-thumbed copy presented to me by the author. Let me deposit it in the archives of your society as the tribute of an "old settler" to the Pioneers of Oregon, those men and women to whom the world owes so much for the Oregon of 1877.

Let me now refer to the statement of the late Dr. Robert Newell, Speaker of the House of Representative of Oregon, in 1846, a name familiar and held in high remembrance by ancient Oregonians. It is interesting for its history, and in the present connection illustrates the difficulty at that time of getting into Oregon. It details the bringing of the first wagon to Fort Walla Walla, Oregon, in 1840, the Wallula of Washington Territory. The party consisted of Dr. Newell and family, Col. Joseph L. Meek and family, Caleb Wilkins of Tualitan Plains and Frederic Ermatinger, a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It had been regarded as the height of folly to attempt to bring wagons west of Fort Hall. The Doctor suggested the experiment, Wilkins approved it and Ermatinger yielded. The Revs. Harvey Clark, A. B. Smith and P. B. Little-

John, missionaries, had accompanied the American Fur Company's expedition as far as Green river, where they employed Dr. Newell to pilot them to Fort Hall. On arriving there, they found their animals so reduced that they concluded to abandon their two wagons, and Dr. Newell accepted them for his services as guide. In a letter from the Dr., he says: "At the time I took the wagons, I had no idea of undertaking to bring them into this country. I exchanged fat horses to these missionaries for their animals, and after they had been gone a month or more for Wallamet, and the American Fur Company had abandoned the country for good, I concluded to hitch up and try the much dreaded job of bringing a wagon to Oregon. I sold one of those wagons to Mr. Ermatinger, at Fort Hall. Mr. Caleb Wilkins had a small wagon which Joel Walker had left at Fort Hall. On the 5th of August, 1840, we put out with three wagons. Joseph L. Meek drove my wagon. In a few days we began to realize the difficult task before us, and found that the continual crashing of the sage under our wagons, which was in many places higher than the mules' backs, was no joke. Seeing our animals begin to fail, we began to light up, finally threw away our wagon-beds and were quite sorry we had undertaken the job. All the consolation we had was that we broke the first sage on that road, and were too proud to eat anything but dried salmon skins after our provisions had become exhausted. In a rather rough and reduced state we arrived at Dr. Whitman's mission station in the Walla Walla valley, where we were met by that hospitable man and kindly made welcome and feasted accordingly. On hearing me regret that I had undertaken to bring wagons, the Doctor said, "O you will never regret it. You have broken the ice, and when others see that wagons have passed they too will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of our people." The Doctor shook me heartily by the hand; Mrs. Whitman, too, welcomed us, and the Indians walked around the wagons or what they called "horse canoes" and seemed to give it up. We spent a day or so with the Doctor and then went to Fort Walla Walla, where we were kindly received by Mr. P. C. Pembram, Chief Trader of Hudson's Bay Co., Superintendent of that post. On the 1st of October, we took leave of those kind people, *leaving our wagons* and taking the river trail—but we proceeded slowly. Our party consisted of Joseph L. Meek and myself, also our families, and a Snake Indian whom I brought to Oregon where he died a year after our arrival. The party did not arrive at the Wallamet Falls till December, subsisting for weeks upon dried salmon, and upon several occasions compelled to swim their stock across the Columbia and Wallamet."

The very intelligent naval officer before quoted, thus graphically portrays the difficulties, discouragements and trials of the American settlers:

"The privations and sufferings of the first overland emigrants to this country,

are almost incredible, composed as they were of persons who, with families of women and children, had gathered together their all, and appropriated it to the purchase of means to accomplish this protracted journey. They would arrive upon the waters of the Columbia after six months' hard labor and exposure to innumerable dangers which none but the most determined spirits could have surmounted, in a state of absolute want. Their provisions expended and clothes worn out, the winter beginning to descend upon their naked heads, while no house had yet been built to afford them shelter; bartering away their wagons and horses for a few salmon, dried by the Indians, or bushels of grain in the hands of rapacious speculators who placed themselves on the road to profit by their necessities, famine was staved off while they labored in the woods to make rafts, and thus float down stream to the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment at Vancouver."

"Here shelter and food were invariably offered them, without which their sufferings must soon have terminated in death. Such was the wretched plight in which I may say thousands found themselves upon reaching this new country."

"Throughout the winter these enterprising people were, with few exceptions, dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for the bread and meat which they ate, and the clothes which they wore; stern necessity, and the clamors of suffering children, forced them to supplicate credit and assistance, which to the honor of the Company, be it said, was never refused. Fearful, however, of demanding too much, many families told me that they lived during the winter on nothing more than boiled wheat and salted salmon; and that the head of the family had prepared the land for his first crop, without shoes on his feet or a hat on his head. These excessive hardships have been of course hourly ameliorating. The emigrant of 1843 has prepared a house and surplus food for his countrymen of the next year; and two roads being opened directly into the Wallamet Valley, rendering a resort to the Columbia unnecessary, has enabled the emigrants to bring in their wagons, horses and cattle, and find houses among their countrymen."

From documents emanating from the citizens, knowledge of the internal condition of Oregon at that period may be acquired. The *animus* of the settler is exhibited, the Government is advised of the value of the country,—the danger surrounding is indicated, and the evidence is irresistible that these settlers were only safe by constant circumspection. Dr. Louis F. Linn the most zealous and indefatigable champion of the American settlers in Oregon and of the United States claim to the Territory, on the 28th January, 1839, presented in the United States Senate, the petition of J. S. Whitcomb, and 35 others, dated March 16, 1838. The settlers thus plead with the nation's representatives:

"We are anxious when we imagine what will be, what must be, the condition of so mixed a community, free from all legal restraint and superior to that moral influence which has hitherto been the pledge of our safety. We flatter ourselves *that we are the germ of a great State* and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of our citizens—the destinies of our posterity will be intimately affected by the character of those who immigrate. The territory must populate,—the Congress of the United States must say by whom. The natural resources of the country with a well-judged civil code will invite a good community, but a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection for life or property. * * * * Well are we assured that it will cost the Government of the United States more to reduce elements so discordant to social order than to promote our permanent peace and prosperity by a timely action of Congress."

The petition concludes urging the necessity of the United States assuming jurisdiction of the territory, "of energetic measures to secure the execution of all laws affecting Indian trade and the intercourse of white men and Indians; * * * That the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children are involved in the objects of our petition."

In 1840, the American residents of Oregon again petitioned Congress to extend Federal jurisdiction over the Territory. Father Leslie, a name synonymous with truth, the utterance of which recalls

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man"—

Was the author of that eloquent wail from the land itself, praying to be taken under the broad folds of our nation's flag. How feelingly is set forth the isolation and the dangers so imminent. That emphatic declaration of intention to make Oregon American—thus premises:

"They have settled themselves in said Territory *under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of said States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions and the protection of its arms.* But they are uninformed of any acts of said government by which its institutions and protection are extended to them; in consequence whereof, themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, and others who would do them harm."

"That they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families, other than self-constituted tribunals, originating and sustained by the power of an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms."

"That these means of safety are an insufficient safeguard of life and property—that they are unable to arrest the progress of crime without the aid of law and tribunals to administer it."

Then these vigilant sentinels of the out-posts, warned their government that the country is too valuable to be lost, that attempts are being made by the rival nation to reduce it to possession, and that appearances indicate British intent to hold exclusively the territory north of the Columbia. Then modestly invoking the attention of Congress to the region because of its wealthy national resources and advantages, they conclude with this patriotic prayer:

"Your petitioners would beg leave especially to call the attention of Congress to their own condition as an infant colony, without military force or civil institutions to protect their lives and property and children, sanctuaries and tombs, from the bands of uncivilized and merciless savages around them.

We respectfully ask for the civil institutions of the American Republic—we pray for the high privileges of American citizenship; the peaceful enjoyment of life;—the right of acquiring, possessing and using property, and the unrestrained pursuit of rational happiness."

In 1843, another petition went forth reiterating the above representations and setting out in detail the particular grievances to which the American settlers were subjected.

The Howison report gives an excellent idea of the internal condition of Oregon and Pioneer-life which I am forbidden to quote, because those details so fascinating to me, would tempt extending this address to unpardonable length.

A few statistics will aptly illustrate the development of the American element:

At the closing of 1841, the number of Americans might possibly reach..	400
British subjects of all classes between	1,200 and 1,300
The immigration of 1842, numbered.....	137
“ “ 1843, “	875
“ “ 1844, “	475
“ “ 1845, “	3,000
“ “ 1846, “	1,350

From this it will be seen that the total population of Oregon at the close of 1846, excluding Indians, was little less than 8,000.

These figures exhibiting the relative strength of the American and British elements, should be steadily kept in view in tracing the history of the Pioneer American settlement of Oregon.

On the 14th of August, 1848, the United States formally asserted jurisdic-

tion by the passage of the Organic Act, erecting Oregon as a Territory of the United States, although the Pioneers continued to administer the Provisional Government until March 3, 1849, when Gen. Joseph Lane, who had been appointed by the President of the United States, Governor of the organized Territory of Oregon, arrived at Oregon City and succeeded George Abernethy, the people's Governor of the people's government, whose authority had been recognized up to the classic 54° 40'.

Let us not forget that the Oregon which has this day claimed our attention, was the Territory west of the Rocky mountains known as Oregon before June 15, 1846, and after that date, as it was left by the Treaty of Limits, now bounded north by latitude 49°;—that the Pioneers whose acts we are commemorating were that devoted band, who, in small settlements, few and far between, held the country in trust for the United States, denied the protection of their Home Government, prepared it for American commonwealth, and when their Government was ready, surrendered their stewardship, returned the territory with a people loyal to the flag, thoroughly educated in free institutions, who having proved themselves capable of governing, in turn became the best of citizens. Men and women who relied upon themselves, whose rude life was Herbert's quaint proverb, "Help thyself and God will help thee." While they were disappointed in the relinquishment of so much territory, still proudly and joyfully they welcomed the "new departure;" henceforth they were to be in full communion with their fellow countrymen, admitted again to the protection and sharing in the blessings as part and parcel of the Union they loved so well.

The loss of the U. S. schooner *Shark* in the fall of 1846, has been mentioned. From the wreck was saved her stand of colors. Her gallant commander was delayed for months of that eventful year, dwelling among the Pioneers. He learned to know and appreciate them. He was necessarily thrown in contact with the wise and good Governor, George Abernethy, to whose many merits Lieut. Howison's report bears witness in the expressive summing up, "a whole-souled American gentleman." On the eve of his departure, December, 1846, Lieut. Howison sent that "stand of colors" a present to the truly loyal people of Oregon, who had made so many sacrifices to preserve the integrity of the United States Territory, who had exhibited such devotion to their country and its cause. In his letter of presentation to the Governor, he says:

"One of the few articles preserved from the ship-wreck of the late United States schooner *Shark*, was her stand of colors. To display the national emblem, and cheer our citizens in this distant territory by its presence, was a principal object of the *Shark's* visit to the Columbia; and it appears to me, therefore, highly proper that it should henceforth remain with you, as a memento of pa-

rental regard from the General Government. With the fullest confidence that it will be received and duly appreciated as such by our countrymen here, I do myself the honor of transmitting the flags (an Ensign and Union Jack) to your address; nor can I omit the occasion to express my gratification and pride that this relic of my late command should be emphatically the first *United States* flag to wave over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon."

The patriotic Abernethy for and on behalf of the Pioneers, whose mission to make Oregon purely American, had in measure triumphed, responded in fitting terms; gracefully and gratefully he uttered his own as also the heart-throbbings of his fellow patriots:

"Accept my thanks and the thanks of the community for the (to us) very valuable present. We will fling it to the breeze on every suitable occasion, and rejoice under the emblem of our country's glory. Sincerely hoping that the 'Star spangled banner' many ever wave over this portion of the United States."

Those flags belong to the Pioneers. They were received by the good Abernethy with the pledge that they would be "flung to the breeze on every suitable occasion." That good old man has gone to his great reward after a long life spent in usefulness to his fellow creatures. No better way of keeping green the memory of his exalted patriotism, his wisdom, his spotless purity of character, his exalted service in those dark days of doubt and discouragement, than upon each returning Oregon-day "fling to the breeze those emblems of our country's glory." Though Oregon-day be the Re-Union of the living, let us also observe all proper ceremonies of regard to the memory of those who shall have gone before. It should be a part of our observance of this day that the *pledge of the Pioneers* made by their Governor, should be faithfully performed. Let us return from this digression to which I was involuntarily led by the wish to recall and thus illustrate the patriotism of one of the "best of earth" whose recent death we so sincerely mourn, and to exhibit as well the testimony of an impartial visitor, of the patriotism of his Pioneer cotemporaries.

A parallel has been attempted between the first colonization of New England and the American settlement of Oregon. There is still another striking analogy furnishing the evidence that *Pioneers* in all ages are animated by a common object,—attain their purpose by a similar method, are actuated by the same high and exalted love for humanity. Both were founders of commonwealths,—both political agitators,—both recognized the necessity of law and order to secure the well-being of community. Before the Puritan fathers left the cabin of the *Mayflower*, they had signed their compact of government and selected their magistrates. Hardly had our Pioneers erected a shelter from the inclem-

ency of the season, when true to their American instincts, they missed and at once desired to supply the protection afforded by civil institutions. Not ready, or too weak for self-government, naturally they turned to the United States Congress to supply their *first* necessity. That petition of 1838 is an admirable argument, that good order can only be insured by a "well-judged civil code." Wisely they urge "a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection for life and property." Spurned and neglected by their government, they turned to themselves, to each other, and at once agitated the question of establishing a temporary government.

This conduct of the Pioneers should commend itself to our heartiest approval. It has been condemned as exhibiting an intent to establish an independent government; it has been derided as emanating from a feeling of ambition for political preferment. But this is unjust. It is too well established to meet with cavil, that some system of government is the very first requirement of a new settlement. Before other interests can be properly regarded, there must be a power to make and administer law, to govern with recognized authority. This essentially American axiom, found no exception in the Pioneer settlement of Oregon; to secure order and peace, was foremost among the duties of the citizens. Other interests were secondary and could wait till stern necessity invoked attention, but life itself was unsafe, property was insecure without government and law. Those obtained, social institutions could then be fostered. While the first efforts of our Pioneers were in the main, necessarily political, still they did not neglect the recognition of those agencies which ameliorate man's condition. Hand in hand with the agitation for government, we find them establishing schools, and among the very earliest of enacted laws was the incorporation of an institution of learning, the Oregon Institute, and the establishment of a common school system. Thus were the fathers of the American Oregon animated in their first law-enacting, by the principle "To exalt a free people, teach their children." In all history, where do you find such an instance of those laying the foundations of a State, carrying along co-extensively the establishment of colleges and public schools? I refer to those antecedents of our history with unmingled satisfaction—they display that the "purpose" of the Fathers in forming a government was "to promote the general welfare, as well as provide for the general defence."

My venerable friend, Jesse Applegate, an oracle of the history of that period, on the 14th of August, 1845, on the identical day of the year which three years later, marks the passage of the Act of Congress, organizing the Territory of Oregon, caused to be placed upon record the thorough vindication of the founders of the Provisional Government, in resolutions drafted in his characteristic terse-

ness of expression and wholesome vigor of style, unanimously adopted by the Oregon House of Representatives. That declaration, alike creditable to its distinguished author and the House, brimming over with patriotic loyalty to Home Government, reflects the true sentiment of the Pioneer American settlers of Oregon. It is as follows:

"The adoption of the Organic law by the people of Oregon *was an act of necessity rather than choice*, and was intended to give to the people the protection which, of right, should be extended to them by their government, and not as an act of defiance or disregard of the authority or laws of the United States. That, in the opinion of this House, the Congress of the United States, in establishing a territorial government, should legalize the acts of the people in this country, so far as they are in accordance with the Constitution of the United States."

The petition to Congress of the people in 1838, 1840, and 1843 heretofore referred to, fully substantiate this claim of disinterested patriotism in these efforts of the Pioneers in self government. The memorial of June 28th, 1844, reported by a committee consisting of Wm. H. Gray, Jesse Applegate, H. A. G. Lee, John McClure and David Hill, in an eminent degree corroborated these views. I cannot forbear citing the opinion of Thomas H. Benton expressed in the Senate of the United States, December 8, 1845, on introducing this memorial:-

"For the preservation of order, the petitioners, had among themselves, established a provisional and temporary government, subject to the ratification of the United States government. The petition sets forth in strong and respectful language, arguments why the citizens residing in that section of country should be protected for the purpose of preserving their rights, and also as a means of preserving order. The memorial was drawn up in a manner creditable to the body by which it was presented, to the talents by which it was dictated, and to the patriotic sentiments which pervaded it; and the application was worthy of a favorable consideration for its moderation, reasonableness and justice. As the best means of spreading the contents of this petition before the country, and doing honor to the ability and enterprise of those who had presented it, he moved that it be read at the bar of the Senate."

That memorial is replete with information. It is really a pen photograph of the Oregon of 1844-5. It graphically exhibits the value of the country, its resources, its internal condition, its surroundings; how forcibly it contrasts the systemized power and effectiveness of the Hudson's Bay Company's occupancy, with the poverty and weakness of American settlement,—how withering that rebuke when it brings up in review the dependence of the citizens of the United

States upon that foreign company whose presence was adverse assertion of claim against their country—whose policy was inimical to American settlement. It is a noble document, full of patriotism, and in celebrations of this day's doings, its reading would be as appropriate as is the Declaration of Independence on our Nation's birthday. Thus upon each of these returning Anniversary-days, our people would be reminded of Pioneer life and its surroundings. Nothing further need be said to vindicate the *motive* of the founders of the Provisional government, to display their true intention, and to illustrate that the act was invoked by a stern necessity.

The student as he investigates this subject will be struck with the persistent and oft-repeated efforts of the American Pioneers to respect that fundamental republican maxim, "that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed." In 1838, the Americans prayed for civil institutions. In 1840, they eloquently lamented that they were without protection which law secured. In 1841, they invited their fellow residents of foreign birth (British subjects), to join them in forming a system of government. They were ready and willing to submit to rules and regulations *prescribed by the people*, though vastly in the minority. In 1842, the agitation steadily continued. In 1843, although they had increased in numbers, and the time was approaching when they must outnumber their opponents, yet again they invited the co-operation of their foreign born fellow citizens. Again were they met with the persistent refusal. At that time, March 4, 1843, a meeting of all, regardless of nativity, had been convened under a pretext of organizing for the destruction of predatory animals. But when our Pioneers essayed to consult on the adoption of laws for the government of the settlements, their foreign fellow settlers withdrew in a body.

It may be well at this time to remark that there were really three distinct, at first seemingly incongruous elements of American settlement. The part played by each in Oregon's Americanization, want of time and the fact that the subject as we are treating it, does not require it, prevent fully considering. Again, it should also be remembered that our predecessors, like ourselves, were men. They had their little jealousies and bickerings. It had required time, association and a feeling grown into mutual dependance to unificate the constituents of a scattered and diverse population. But they were terribly in earnest on the 2d of May, 1843. Let me again quote from Howison as to the difficulty they met at every stage:

"The subject of forming this Provisional Government had been several years under discussion, and may be considered the first political question canvassed within the Territory. It was opposed by the influence of the Hudson's Bay

Company and the British subjects generally, although the Chief Factor of that company was ready to enter into a compact or domestic treaty for the regulation and adjustment of all points of dispute or difference which might spring up among the residents; indeed they admitted that it was time to establish some rules, based upon public opinion decidedly expressed, for the maintenance of good order and individual rights; but they felt apprehensive for themselves and their interests in placing extensive law-making power in the hands of a legislative body, composed of men on whose judgement they could not implicitly rely, and whose prejudices they had reason to believe were daily increasing against them. Their opposition was, however, unavailing."

Dr. John McLaughlin, a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, then in charge of their interests west of the Rocky mountains says, "In spring (1841), the Americans invited the Canadians to unite with them and organize a temporary government, but the Canadians apprehensive it might interfere with their allegiance, declined, and the project failed. * * * * In 1843, the Americans again proposed to the Canadians to join and form a temporary government, but the Canadians declined for the same reason. The Americans applied this year (1844) again to the Canadians in the Wallamet (who were about settlers) to join them and form a temporary government to which they acceded, as they saw from the influx of immigrants it was absolutely necessary to do so to maintain peace and order in the country." In 1845, Governors McLaughlin and Douglas carried with them into the organization, all the Hudson's Bay Company employees and influence, and yielded a hearty support to the Provisional Government as it was re-constructed, July 5, 1845. The reasons for such action on their part are stated at length in the remonstrance of the noble and charitable Doctor McLaughlin, addressed to the Board of Managers of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, against the gross injustice with which he was cast off in his old age, after a long life of loyal service to the Company and his country.

From this testimony, I am more than justified in pronouncing the Provisional Government of Oregon, the crowning glory of the Oregon Pioneers,—a striking exhibit of patient submissiveness when the American settlers were in the minority—of the magnanimity and conservatism when in the majority. We witness the difficulty and jealousy that thwarted their plans, and how they overcame them. We must commend pluck, endurance, tact,—their sturdy republicanism displayed in their persistent effort to secure "the consent of the governed," and their ever-displayed accompanying wish that their country should assert its authority, and again claim them as its citizens; nor must we withhold our meed of praise for that scrupulous regard for the national prejudice of the British sub-

jeet, who was their fellow citizen, so strikingly evinced in that oath of office, which saves allegiance to King or Country :

"I do solemnly swear that I will support the Organic Laws of the Provisional Government of Oregon, so far as the said Organic Laws are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or a subject of Great Britain."

To form such government was the labor of years. The Fathers persevered till every vestige of hostility was removed. By wise and prudent conservatism, by a large and consistent democratic recognition of manhood regardless of nativity, all the settlers in Oregon, whether American citizen or British subject accorded hearty support.

We had historically approached to the meeting from which the British element withdrew in a body, when our Pioneers played politician and sprung the government project, on the 2d May, 1843. After that exciting scene, the American settlers continued their session, selecting certain necessary officers and appointing a Legislative Committee of nine to report a code of laws to a meeting to be held on the 5th July, 1843. That first Legislature or Constitutional Convention duly performed the work assigned, and Articles of Compact and a Code of Laws, were ratified by the people in convention assembled, July 5, 1843. The preamble to that Organic Law is as follows:

"We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations, until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

The Bill of Rights guaranteed all the great safeguards of individual personal liberty, freedom of conscience, the habeas corpus, trial by jury. The duty of encouraging morality, religion and knowledge by the support of schools was recognized. Good faith to the Indians was to be observed, and the Territory was forever dedicated to freedom by the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787. The Executive power was reposed in an Executive Committee of three, two of whom were a quorum. The law making power was continued in the Legislative Committee of nine, and a Judiciary constituted, consisting of a Supreme Court, Probate Court and Justices of the Peace.

With steamboat velocity, a whole system of laws were adopted in a most original manner. Certain laws and parts of laws of Iowa, were declared to be the Statute law of Oregon by the mere recital of the Act by title, or the section of the act, giving the page from whence quoted. A Land system, Militia law and other necessary measures were duly adopted. The finances of the Government were provided by the unique and very original plan of private subscription:

"We, the subscribers, hereby pledge ourselves, to pay annually to the Treasurer of Oregon Territory, the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Government; *Provided*, that in all cases each individual may at any time withdraw his name from said subscription upon paying up all arrearages and notifying the Treasurer of such desire to withdraw."

Not only did the Pioneers deem the consent of the governed an essential, but each citizen enjoyed the privilege of saying how much he would contribute, how much restraint he would tolerate by becoming a part of the government. With the accession of population in 1843, it became apparent that the Organic Law required amendment. A stronger government was needed. At the session of Legislative Committee, June, 1844, several modifications were made, a special election to vote on three amendments was ordered, and they were ratified by a large majority, to take effect after first Tuesday in June, 1845.

The amended Organic Law created the office of Governor in lieu of Executive Committee, conferring upon the office veto power, instead of submitting laws to popular vote. A House of Representatives took the place of the Legislative Committee, and the oath of office before quoted was adopted.

That government in its every official act avoided with scrupulous care, invading the rights, or offending the prejudices of British subjects. In the language of the memorial of June 28, 1844, "by treaty stipulations, this Territory has become a kind of neutral ground in the occupancy of which the citizens of the United States and the subjects of Great Britain have equal rights, and, as your memorialists humbly conceive, ought to have equal protection." Based upon such principles, the rights of all duly regarded, their prejudices respected, that government could not be a failure. It was a grand success.

In peace, it commanded the support of all citizens without distinction of nationality. Under wise and judicious administration, good order and prosperity were the fruits. In the din of battle it also stood the test. It declared and successfully waged war to redress the unprovoked wrongs its citizens had suffered; from its own resources, without extraneous aid, it levied the necessary troops; in the hour of danger, its citizens responded to the call of their constituted authority. The Cayuse war of 1847-8 was probably the most important historic feature of the Pioneer period. By it was fully demonstrated, not only the inherent strength of the Provisional government, the unity of feeling it had engendered, its entire capability to meet the requirements of the people, but the inciting cause of that war illustrates the imminent danger which had been the constant surrounding of the American Pioneers. The massacre at Waiilatpu on the 29th November, 1847, was cold-blooded and perfidious murder without the slightest justifying cause. Yet such an act was just as likely to have occurred at any

time previous and at any other place, and upon another pretext, just as trivial. It might have happened at any time where and when the Indian realized his advantage, or where the Americans, completely disarmed, had become so confiding as to trust the Indian race or believe them grateful. I shall not allude to the incidents immediately preceding that dreadful massacre. Suffice it to say, that the peculiar condition of the country is to me a sufficient explanation why it may have occurred without seeking any other directly inciting cause. We should be thankful to our Heavenly Father that our Pioneers had so long escaped similar adversities. To depict the internal condition of the country at that time and exhibit the relations each to the others of such diverse elements of population, I have upon previous occasions compared the country itself to a tinder-box,—the two white *quasi* hostile races may represent the flint and steel, the native race the *tinder*. As long as no collision between the whites occurred, the Indians might continue quiet. But any excitement indicating hostility between British and Americans, the tinder was in danger of ignition. We can avoid the belief that one of our race counseled or encouraged the commission of that awful crime. The Indian was ignorant, jealous and perfidious to his enemies, real or supposed. The American settler came to Oregon to stay and appropriate the country to his use, and this of itself were all-sufficient to provoke Indian enmity. It is equally true that there existed an educated bias which had already made the Indian the dependent of the foreign element—there was also an educated prejudice which fostered hostility to the American settler.

Constituted as the Indian is, his method of winning favorable regard by those whose friendship he covets, is to treat as enemies their enemies. He had readily and too aptly learned that King George's, as he called the British, had no real desire for the presence of the "Boston's" in the country. For him, that was enough. He not only thought he was doing service for the King George's by such hostility, but that they would protect him. Such was the race among whom Dr. Marcus Whitman and his heroic wife labored, at a station hundreds of miles distant from the settlements, its inmates numbering some twelve or more, men, women and children.

An Oregon audience need no assurance that Dr. Whitman and his devoted companion, were among the very best of their race, that their hospitality and kindness had been of the utmost service to the weary immigrant *en route* to the Wallamet. Pages could be devoted to the praise of their many good works. They were philanthropists, practical, devoted Christians, who literally obeyed the divine injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." All wearing the image of their Maker, shared their sympathies. They

labored with a devotion unceasing and a zeal most disinterested to christianize the Indian, to confer upon him the habits of civilization. He was equally the dispenser of charity and benefits to his own race. The Indian never had a more sincere and earnest friend since good William Penn founded my native city and gave the world that glorious illustration of "unbroken faith by deeds of peace." The martyr Whitman acted with equal good faith to the perfidious Cayuses. Years before they had abandoned the comforts of home, the pleasures of society and accepted the solitude of early Oregon life and braved its dangers that they might spread gospel tidings to a benighted race. There at the Mission had been aggregated all those appliances of civilization, church, school house, work shop, &c., by which the Indians were made the recipients of the advantages of civilized life. All these were laid waste, and those eminent benefactors of the Indian, together with every American inmate of the mission, were brutally sacrificed. The Cayuse war was the necessary sequel. The government of our Pioneers, without aid from the United States, sent a force against the enemy—quickly and efficiently they avenged the murder of those who lost their lives, because they were American settlers in Oregon. The ring-leaders who survived the battles were captured, brought to the settlements, tried, convicted and executed.

I would dispel the gloom of that last drama in our Pioneer history, by recalling some darling names of the Oregonians of other days, that you might to-day award the merited honors. But I am admonished that I am trespassing upon your kind attention, and besides, it is unnecessary. Such is one of the duties of your Association. Its object, to embalm those names, to preserve that record, cannot be too highly commended.

As time becomes buried in the infinite past, and these heroic Pioneers shall have been gathered to their final rest, the encomium so richly earned, but so feebly accorded to them to-day, will not seem extravagant. The events commemorated, which even now provoke in us such enthusiasm will then have assumed a greater importance. They will grow in magnitude with the growth and advancement of the States into which *their Oregon* will have expanded.

Our Pioneers—Apostles of human liberty, avant-couriers bearing aloft the star of empire and civilization in the westward march of our country to be hemmed in by old ocean. Forerunners of the telegraph and railroad whose worked necessarily invoked the utilization of a broad continent, openers of communication, binding together two great oceans. Pioneers of the track over which you have caused to be borne the best fruits of American civilization, strewing the road with the homes of men, in a tier of States spanning the continent. You, who transplanted the tree of American liberty to these fertile western shores, where it has taken new root and spread with unparalleled vigor.

Other peoples will yet acknowledge you as leaders in the great march of human progress. We are content that many of you are here with us to-day, affording us the opportunity to render to you our tribute of fraternal and filial gratitude.

We, the old settlers, your immediate followers who profiting by your labor in paving the way found an easy approach to our new homes, ready for our enjoyment, thank you for your inestimable service. We, the sons and daughters of those Pioneer native Oregonians, give glory to God, that you formed and labored so successfully to secure for us so good a heritage. We who succeeded you, coming here to realize everything essential to human comfort, appreciate most deeply the toils and sacrifices you underwent, accept the fruits of those hardships with undying gratefulness, to those of you who yet are in the land your labors have blest so much, and to us sad but pleasant is the duty to shed tears of affectionate remembrance on the tombs of those who are your pioneers to that bourne whither we are all hastening. I know I speak the unmistakable voice of this multitude, when I say, it is a source of unalloyed delight and gratulation, that many of you have been spared to witness the grand results of your labors, that you have been permitted to enjoy and share in those blessings your self sacrifice insured to us, your successors and your posterity. Would that our Oregon farms and homes had then been here to have sheltered you from the inclemency of the season, that you might also have been exempt from the humiliation of dependence upon those who were inimical to your presence and purpose, to which you had been compelled by the neglect of the government of your country. In this our day of glorious prosperity, we come to perpetuate the remembrance of your trials,—and here in this lovely valley where Oregon began to be Americanised, and from whence is destined to spring glorious future commonwealths, we come to commend to the people, and to future posterity, your brilliant example, and to profit by the lesson, that virtue, patience, fortitude and devotion to country and to race, are the sure precursors to human grandeur and success.

THE OREGON PIONEER.

AN IDYL—BY FRANK HENRY, ESQ.

I.

Lo! 'tis November now in Oregon;
The wat'ry wind springs from the south again;
The serried clouds come marching darkly on,
Investing mountain range and spreading plain;
And gently, softly, ceaseless falls the rain.
For six months more the heavens are upset,
And all the throughout the evergreen domain
The earth, the air, are soaking, dripping wet,
From stern Alaska's rocks to fertile Willamette.

II.

The man of recent date from Eastern clime,
Who is so wed to mammon's sordid ways,
That he doth value money more than time,
And fain would drudge for lucre all his days,
Sees little in the country now to praise.
His loud complaint, his weak unmanly sigh,
A mind at war with Providence betrays,
And e'en at times, with rash profanity,
He may be heard to greet these blessings from the skies.

III.

But oh! how different these days appear
Unto that benefactor of his kind,—
The patriarch and early Pioneer,
Who, looking up with contemplative mind,
"Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."
No vain regret he on the past bestows,
But to the ways of Providence resigned,
Brings all his labors to a speedy close,
And gives himself to sweet reflection and repose.

IV.

Now housed beneath the cover of his roof
Split from a cedar thirty years ago,
And still so sound 'tis almost water proof,
He piles the hearth until the rafters glow.
The rain may fall, the fretful wind may blow,
'Till yielding to the wat'ry element,
The melting hills into the valleys flow;
Unheeding wind or rain he sits content,
Where he has seen the storms of thrice ten winters spent.

V.

His faithful spouse and numerous progeny
Are gathered with him in his winter's nest.
(From James K. Polk—their first, full six feet high,
The line, by twelve descending steps depressed,
Ends with Jo. Lane—an infant at the breast.)
His spurs and leggings from their peg depend.
"Sweet Milk and Peaches" sleeps upon her rest—
By that pet name he fondly calls the friend,
Faithful, in times gone by, to feed him or defend.

VI.

But now no more in her he puts his trust ;
That well-tried piece has seen her useful day.
The hostile race has vanished into dust ;
The deer and elk, like it, have passed away ;
And through their haunts his flocks unnumbered stray.
No foe to fear, no farther use for game,
Consigned to eating rust and slow decay,
"Sweet Milk and Peaches,"—such is earthly fame—
Sheds glory o'er the past, but on the present shame.

VII.

His hopeful flock all gathered round, the sage
Now opening up the retrospective view,
Instructs them in the hist'ry of that age
When he was young and Oregon was new.
His mem'ry freshening as his words pursue,

The theme's as coming as the winter's rain;
And if the stories that he tells be true,
That gun—reeking with hecatombs of slain—
An equal never had, nor such will be again.

VIII.

Nor since the tribal heads of all the Jews
Went first through Canaan's dubious land, to see
What it was, whether fat or lean, and whose,
Were ever founders of a colony
Tried like those pioneers of "*forty-three*,"
Who, moved by that fierce spirit of unrest
Which scorns to dwell in dull security,
Turned from a land with smiling plenty blest,
To face the unknown dangers of the howling West.

IX.

Full long he dwells upon that pilgrimage
Through deserts scarcely known to man before;
Tells how they marched o'er wastes of sand and sage,
With cracking lips, and blistered feet and sore;
And of the thirst and hunger which they bore;
Nor doth suppress nor gloss those numberless
Heart-burning jealousies, which ate the core
From out the romance of the wilderness;
Where souls of men were tried like vintage by the press.

X.

Nor found he at his tedious journey's end
Rest from his toils, or surcease of his woes.
No brother met to welcome and befriend;
No latch-string hung inviting to repose.
On every side primeval nature rose
As it was formed. And he like Adam stood—
That time he saw the gates of Eden close—
The monarch of a bristling solitude,
As poor in worldly goods, and very near as nude.

XI.

The list'ning flock with growing wonder hear
How the great founders of their "institutes"
Made clothing from the skins of elk and deer,
And lived upon jerked game and *camas* roots,
"Which" said the sage, "were first-rate substitutes
For farmers' truck, and all that commerce brings."
"Drat them!" the wife exclaims, "the skins of brutes
Wer'nt made for human wear; they are *seck* things
To bind when dry; and when they're wet they're stretchy strings."

XII.

With all due court'sy to his honored wife,
The patriarch no word of her's gainsays,
But still exalts that rugged frontier life
Above the customs of these later days.
Though rough they fared and straightened were their ways,
Like brothers dwelt those hardy men of yore,
Nor knew those vain distinctions pride will raise
Where commerce heaps up the superfluous store,
'Till envy make what erst were wealth seem mean and poor.

XIII.

Nor glitt'ing coin or graven rags were there,
For men to wrangle o'er like dogs at meat.
None sought to grasp his weaker brother's share,
Or sighed for wealth he could not wear or eat,
Then dues were paid in honest pelts and wheat.
Nor courts and jails, nor bolts and bars were seen,
There were no rogues to steal, and lie and cheat;
Nor strifes arose, nor angry feuds between
Those men of old, to mar their happiness serene.

XIV.

Thus each event is told in order due,
The place, the date, the actors all assigned;
Who started out; who made the journey through;
Who fell upon they way, and who resigned;
Who came the foremost in, and who behind;

Whose camp sent up the first immortal smoke;
Who the first dwelling built,—its size and kind;
Whose axe delivered the assaulting stroke;
Whose pond'rous wooden plow the inverting furrow broke.

XV.

Oft does he pause to draw comparison
Between those days and these;—as often sighs
To mark how things have changed in Oregon;
How selfishness prevails,—how honor dies.
Then forward looks and fondly prophesies,
That her fair bosom shall in future nurse
A giant race of men, and here shall rise
The proudest empire of Time's vanished course,
Shaming these modern days and worthy of their source.

XVI.

But who hath seen a present like the past?
As when the sun fades o'er the western line,
And shadows round us fall, we see him last
Upon the far-off eastward mountains shine,
Unfolding glories more and more divine.
As evening shades invest the scene below;—
Thus when we touch life's noon and thence decline,
As one by one its fond delusions go,
The past in mem'ry looms like mountains all aglow.

XVII.

What though he dwells upon the year he came
To Oregon, and stickles for a date?
Time's so important in the race for fame
That those may lose who are an instant late,
Whether they fight, seek office, or migrate.
The love of fame inspires all,—as well
Whose hearts are set on little things as great;
And 'tis for this men struggle to excell.
Not only by their deeds, but in the tales they tell.

XVIII.

Wealth has allurements which are manifold,
And human moths will worship at its blaze ;
But soul-polluting is the love of gold,
And whom it dazzles, like the lamp, it slays.
Man's noblest aspiration is for praise,
It is for this the weary bear their loads ;
It is this the fallen strive to rise ;
And mean his heart and kindred to the clods,
Who does not thirst to drink this nectar of the gods.

XIX.

And theirs the brows that win immortal bays,
Who go before through life's dark wilderness ;
Lop off its thorns, smooth down its rugged ways,
Mark out the paths which make its hardships less,
Or find new fields for human happiness ;
Such are the great to whom the good accord
The meed of fame, and e'en the wicked bless ;
And such the captains chosen by the Lord,
To lead his host with axe, or spade, or pen, or sword.

XX.

Adam and Eve,—creation's pioneers,
And first to walk o'er paths where since have gone
The countless millions of Time's vanished years,
But lived and toiled and died as those have done.
And even He, the most illustrious Son,
Whose praises through eternity shall rise,
So humbly walked through life that every one
May find the path by which He went,—who tries,
And follow Him up to the glories of the skies.

XXI.

When from Shinar, six thousand years ago,
The march of human progress was begun,*
Japhet inscribed his banner " Westward, ho!"

*See Numbers, Chap. XIII.

And turned his face towards the setting sun.
Age after Age still bore the standard on;
Nor deserts changed its course, nor plague, nor war;
Races were vanquished, and new empires won;
Still Westward, ho! man's aspirations bore,
And still like fairy land the West went on before.

XXII.

Old Egypt's darkness now that banner hides;
Now with Phœnician commerce forth it steers;
Now on the fiery wings of war it rides;
Now Greece,—now Rome th' advancing standard bears.
And now the "Scourge of God"† its pathway clears;
Rome sinks beneath the waves of Goth and Hun;
And nations wrecked along the rolling years,
Mark where for sixty centuries have run
The tidal waves of men towards the setting sun.

XXIII.

'Twas Westward, ho! Columbus boldy steered,
Out from the shadows of impending night;
And when the new world in the West appeared
Towards its shores Religion plumed its flight,—
A cloud by day, at eve a burning light,
Which o'er the waves rejoicing thousands led,
From rule of bigotry and tyrant might;
And for three hundred years whose suns have fled,
Still Westward, ho! freedom's triumphant banner sped.

XXIV.

The wild reclaimed along its pathway bloomed;
Proud cities rose, and golden harvests gleamed;
State after State, bright stars of freedom, loomed
In lands but yesterday the West had deemed.
Though Nature for him smiled, and plenty teemed,
Not these could fill man's ever craving breast.
Still Westward, ho! of brighter lands he dreamed,

†Attila, King of the Huns, was so called.

Until, in "forty-three," the van possessed
Themselves of Oregon, and bottled up the West.

XXV.

The march is ended and the banner furled
Their tents are pitched upon earth's final shore,
Whose sun in glory walks the western world ;
Nor from it sinks until his beams restore
Morn to those scenes from whence old Japhet bore.
The mystic land of hope and dreams is gone.
The wistful eye turns to the West no more ;
Its charm is dead,—its mystery undone;
And there abideth "no new thing under the sun."

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. STEPHEN STAATS.

FELLOW PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Another year has passed since the Pioneers of Oregon gathered themselves together, to have cheerful converse one with another, to discourse upon events connected with their early history, and to renew an acquaintanceship formed under circumstances peculiar in their nature, calculated to insure a friendship permanent in its character, and abounding in incidents of so much interest that the bare contemplation of them forms a bond of mutual respect and esteem between the old Pioneers that time with all its changes and vicissitudes can never obliterate.

I am one of those old Pioneers, having come to Oregon in 1845, and I have been selected by the Board of Directors of the Pioneer Association to deliver the address descriptive of the emigration of 1845, and this is the occasion upon which it is to be delivered; and I would shrink from the task assigned me did I not feel well assured that your knowledge of my abilities will not warrant you in anticipating a great display of oratory in my effort upon this occasion. Born upon the shores of the Atlantic, leaving the home of my childhood in early youth, and traveling westward until I reached the shores of the Pacific, and not having had the advantages of education that the youth of Oregon enjoy to-day, it is a source of much embarrassment to me to prepare an address, which, according to the rules of the Association, must be prepared in manuscript, placed in the printer's hands, and form part of the record of its transactions, and ever be a memento of my success or failure upon this to be memorable occasion. What I present to you to-day in relation to the emigration of 1845 is almost entirely from memory, and therefore it cannot be as correct and perfect a narrative as one could give had he preserved a journal of minutes, and events as they occurred at the time. Then let me commence by saying that all through the month of April the hardy Pioneers, those in search of the promised land, beautiful Oregon, were making their way to the rendezvous, on the western bank of the Missouri river, just opposite the now populous city of St. Joseph. That was to be the starting point for all Missourians, they being a large major-

ity of the emigrants of that year. My mind has often reverted to that period, when about three hundred persons encamped on the bank of the Missouri, their hearts beating joyously in anticipation of the bright and prosperous future before them, should they ever reach the Mecca of their hopes, bright Oregon, as pictured to them by friends who had preceded them and declared they had reached the paradise of earth. The sight of that camp ground, with a hundred blazing fires, around which might be seen the fond mother, the true-hearted wife preparing the frugal meal, the joyous little ones dancing with delight, and the young man and maiden billing and cooing like two turtle doves. It was a sight a king might envy. And yet, with all their mirth and joyousness, moments would come when buisny thought scanned the future, and led them to ponder upon the dangers of the wilderness they were about to traverse, and the journey before them were well worth serious contemplation. To travel two thousand miles with all the appliances and conveniences of modern times is but a matter of a few hours or days at most; but to pursue the same distance through an almost trackless desert, with oxen and wagons, requires an undaunted courage deserving of success; and fellow Pioneers, have you met with success? Have you been amply repaid for all your toil and labor in reaching this beautiful valley? Would you again undertake the journey to secure what you have secured towards the enjoyment of life? Methinks I hear from every old Pioneer's heart the answer, I would. The possession of health, of ease and contentment in this blessed land of ours is satisfaction an hundred fold for all the dangers and toil of the past.

The first day of May, 1845, was the appointed time when we were to break camp and begin our perilous journey. Every one was active in making preparations for that eventful period; some were breaking oxen, some were making yokes, some making tents, and some preparing for matrimony, unconcerned about the future. Some days before starting, preparations were made to withstand the assaults of the wiley savage, should such assaults be made. We formed a regular military company, elected Col. T'Vault Captain, John Waymire, now a resident of Dallas, Lieutenant, James Allen, Seargant, and others to fill the various minor offices; had 'a time each day to go through all the evolutions and drill of a military company, and all seemed to vie with each other in the performance of the duty assigned them. On the day appointed we made a start, Capt. T'Vault leading the company with all the majesty of a crowned emperor, seconded by his Lieutenant John Waymire, who bestrode his steed as stately as Don Quixote in attacking the windmill. Noble-hearted old John! Methinks I hear him to-day, in his old accustomed stentorian tones, shout "close up, close up; why the devil don't you keep close together; the Indians could kill all in the forward wagons before you'd know it, and then come back

and scalp the last one of you fellows here behind!" We traveled on for a few days—(I will here mention that our company consisted of 61 wagons and about three hundred souls all told. Capt. Solomon Tetherous' company consisted of 66 wagons and about the like number of persons. There were also other companies, which I may refer to hereafter). As I stated, we traveled on for a few days without any incident worth mentioning until the night before we reached the Platte river; we had traveled all day until late in the evening, and then had to camp without water for ourselves or cattle. Those who had brought along a sufficient quantity of water hastily prepared a cup of tea before retiring for the night, while those who were not so fortunate lay down to rest and dream of times to come when they would suffer no more the deprivation of that soothing beverage. Early in the morning we started for the river, and when reached, great was our rejoicing, and many a parched tongue was refreshed in the limpid stream. Traveling along up the Platte, one night there were mysterious movements in and about the camp. Cupid, always on the alert to pierce the unsuspecting victim, had sped his dart with such unerring certainty that the pierced victims could find no salve to their bleeding hearts but in the solemnization of the marriage ceremony; so Capt. T'Vault was engaged as "master of ceremonies" to unite in holy wedlock these two pierced victims, and thus enable them to rejoice that though Cupid may wound the heart, a marriage certificate can ease the pain.

We now began to look out for buffalo, and some herds had been seen in the distance. One morning, four others and myself left the train and started for the hills to see what we could do in the way of getting buffalo meat. After about six or eight miles travel, we came to a narrow valley, and looking up it we discovered something that looked like what we were in search of; we made chase and soon came up to a large buffalo, roaming solitary and alone as "monarch of all he surveyed." But his monarchy lasted for but a brief period, as he was soon laid low with the earth, pierced with a ball from the unerring aim of Ralph Wilcox. Yes, my true hearted friend, Ralph Wilcox, was my traveling companion across the plains, and never can I forget his kind and genial ways—his generous disposition, manifested on all occasions when generosity was required at his hands. But where is Ralph Wilcox to-day? Is he in our midst rejoicing at the renewal of acquaintanship with his old companions of 1845? Alas, no. His earthly pilgrimage is ended; he is gone to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and many of us who now survive him, will be missing at our next annual gathering, and it will be the sad lot of some other pen to announce their death and departure from the fast thinning ranks of the Pioneers of 1845. Ralph and I were born in the same State, New York, and in adjoining counties. We both made our starting point for Oregon from Platte

county, Missouri, and having been intimate friends for over thirty-five years, I can truly say of Ralph Wilcox, he was one of the noblest works of God,—an honest man. Then in memory of our departed friend, let me present the following deserved tribute from the hands of another Pioneer, Judge Deady, of Portland:

“Dr. Ralph Wilcox has long been a prominent and respectable figure in the affairs and society of Oregon. At last he has succumbed to his only enemy and gone to the undiscovered country from whose ‘bourne no traveler returns.’—Distinguished through life for integrity and impartiality, in the dread hour and article of death, he had the courage to be honest with himself and his Maker, as he had ever been with his fellow man. Years ago we met him in the halls of the Territorial Legislature, at Oregon City; and there laid the foundation of that friendship and esteem which withstood the strain of time and circumstance for more than a quarter of a century.”

“As I once said of him, ‘with ability and popularity, he only lacked audacity or industry, or both, to have been one of the foremost men in Oregon. But if he never reached the topmost rounds of the ladder of fame and power, at least his three score years on earth have been marked by no wrong or injustice to others. Kind, genial and unselfish to all with whom he came in contact, he leaves behind him neither hatred nor bitterness, but only pitying and mourning friends. In his death, I feel that one of the ties that bind me to earth has given way, and that I am so much the more willing to obey the ever nearing summons to depart and be at rest forever.’”

Fellow Pioneers, let us drop a tear to his memory, and ever strive to emulate his virtues.

But again to my narrative; we continued our journey up Platte until we reached Fort Laramie without any remarkable event occurring; but at the Fort a circumstance occurred which would startle the belles of Salem, and cause their cheeks to pale with horror. An emigrant by the name of Bailey had a beautiful daughter, whom a Sioux brave most ardently desired to adorn his wigwam and bead his moccasins; about noon one day, this daughter went pail in hand to the river for water, the dusky brave at the same time was laying in ambush to capture this piece of feminine beauty, and when he made a spring to clutch the prize, she was like the Irishman's flea, she “wasn't there,” but was outstripping the wind in the direction of camp, and distanced the wiley savage so much that he became more enamoured of her than ever, and he had to be shown some trusty rifles before he would desist from his ardent courtship. The course of true love not running very smooth with this noble brave in that case, he entered into negotiations with one of our female emigrants for the purchase of *her*

daughter, and the handsome price of twenty horses being offered for her, I became extremely fearful, lest the mother would accept the offered price, and thus deprive me of a much coveted prize. Now if that bargain had been consummated it is a very doubtful question whether he, who now addresses you, would have been present on this happy occasion, but the bargain was not made, I am here to-day, and you can guess whether or not I came off victorious: whether or no I secured the much coveted prize.

After leaving Fort Laramie, we pursued the even tenor of our way without any extraordinary events happening. Before reaching Fort Boise, some of the company had exhausted their supply of flour, and they had to depend upon what short allowances they might receive from their fellow travelers, and what scanty food they could procure from straggling bands of Indians they met with. Some of the families subsisted for weeks on dried salmon procured from the Indians, so much so, that they cannot even bear the sight of one of those scaly denizens of the deep even to this day.

When nearing Fort Boise, much discussion was had relative to the route to be followed after leaving that point. Stephen Meek had met the emigrants and proposed to pilot them over a new route by which to bring them into the valley, asserting that it was much shorter and better than the route to The Dalles. I recollect one old gentleman, John M. Forrest by name, who when the subject was warmly discussed, declared he would follow the old route, even if he had to travel alone—says he, “when I left the States, after reading the letters of Burnett and others from Oregon, I determined I would not be led off on any new route claimed to have been discovered by any adventurer, but would travel where others had traveled, and thus be sure of arriving at the desired point to which we are all looking.” But now the time had come for action. One morning, after a night spent in spirited discussion, Mr. Forrest broke camp and started on the old trail, others with much warmth attempted to restrain him, but he persisted and about twenty-five other wagons followed his; others under the leadership of Meek, struck off on the route declared by him the best and shortest; but well would it have been for all those so doing, had they persevered in following the old route, for experience proved to them, that had they so done, much suffering, in almost every conceivable form would have been avoided, and that they would have arrived at their destination much sooner and their condition more hopeful as to future resources to provide for their wants during the approaching winter.

It was but a few days after Meek left Fort Boise, that he became hopelessly lost, and had it not been for the good judgment and determined energy of some of the emigrants, and their hiring an Indian to pilot them through to The Dalles,

many would have perished and suffered a most torturing death, that now survive and to-day can recount the many sad incidents and afflictive events of their wearisome travel to that point. It has been positively asserted that while Meek was thus lost, that he suffered to such an extent for the want of water to satisfy his thirst, that he opened a vein in the neck of his mule, and thus in all probability secured his own life by quaffing the life's blood of that most noble and docile quadruped. But be that as it may, whether true or not, there were moments, when the sufferings of husband, wife and children, became so unbearable, and so intensely torturing to the mental vision of those having others depending upon them for support and protection, that had he who counseled them to take an unknown and trackless route when almost out of provisions, and energies already nearly exhausted, made his appearance among them, he might have been made a sacrifice to appease the angry passions with which they were inflamed.

Those who took the old route, arrived at The Dalles in good season without incurring any other trials than would naturally result from their mode of travel. To the best of my recollection, Capt. Barlow's company was the first to arrive at The Dalles, others following in quick succession. Here was a stopping place for the rolling of the wagon wheel, and it became necessary to provide some mode of conveyance by which the families and wagons could be transported to the long looked for end of their travels. Barlow with great energy and undaunted courage urged the idea of crossing the Cascades with our wagons by cutting our way through, but those living at The Dalles and having a thorough knowledge of the difficulties, and making them known to the emigrants, they discarded the idea and proceeded to make rafts to convey their families and wagons down the river to Vancouver, whilst others prepared to drive stock over the mountains by an old Indian trail to the Willamette valley. I was with those driving the stock, and a trying time we had of it. I recollect one instance in particular: We had about one hundred and fifty head of cattle, and in crossing one of the main spurs of the mountain leading from Mt. Hood's snowy peak, there came on a heavy snow storm, with a wind blinding to the sight; so much so, that we lost all trail of the cattle, and struck for a camping place, regardless of distance or direction, and fortunately we had to travel but a short distance till we found one, with a fine supply of grass for our almost famished horses, and a plentiful supply of material with which to make a fire, and restore a degree of warmth to our chilled bodies.

There was one, and only one female with us at the time, and she suffered intensely from the cold; she was illy prepared to withstand the chilling storm, being scantily clothed; but her husband, true to the instincts of a noble man-

hood, divested himself of his own well worn blanket, and helped to shield her shivering frame from the inclement storm. Tears were shed that day by men unused to weeping, at witnessing the sufferings of that lone female without the power for the time being to give relief. That lady was Mrs. Waldrom, daughter of Mr. Lemmons, long a resident of Marion county, but now deceased. I said we lost all our cattle on that day, but there was one exception; "old Uncle Davy Carson" an old mountaineer and a fellow traveler with us from Missouri, with more than ordinary courage and endurance, had a favorite cow which he singled out and determined to drive with him to camp wherever that might be, and he succeeded, and long after his arrival in Oregon, enjoyed the benefits to be derived from such a precious milker. Now as to the other lost cattle, early in the morning after the storm, Uncle Davy Carson, with a few trusty and dauntless spirits took the back trail in search of them, and after a toilsome and tedious ascent, found them huddled together, high up between two ridges running down from old Mt. Hood, with his covering of perpetual snow; and so completely bewildered, that it was almost impossible to start them from their sheltered nook; but Uncle Davy with true grit and unabated energy determined that to camp they must go; and go they did, but not until Uncle Davy became so wearied with excessive exertion that he must resort to some means to refresh himself, so after casting about for a time, a bright idea struck him, (though he was always in the habit of being similarly stricken), espied a bell suspended from the neck of a poverty stricken cow, and immediately made for it; it was soon stripped from the cow and in a few minutes the lacteal fluid from the gentle beast had filled it to the brim, and soon Uncle Davy was himself again. The refreshing beverage restored him to new life and animation, and he shortly came shouting into camp with not a hoof missing.

But Uncle Davy is gone, peace to his ashes; a kind thought to his memory, and may some abler pen than mine, at some future time recount the nobleness of his actions in all his intercourse with his fellow man.

We reached Oregon City in thirteen days from The Dalles, (two of which we were without food), and on our arrival, those of us in advance were kindly and hospitably received by old Dr. McLaughlin. He immediately furnished us with provisions without money and without price, and extended to us favors which we were ever ready to reciprocate. I am not one of those who wish to cast reflections on the character of Dr. McLaughlin or wish to impute to him anything wanting in the kindest feelings towards the emigrants of 1845. For well do I know, that but for him, many would have been more embarrassed in making provision for the coming winter's necessities than they were, and I have yet to see the emigrant of 1845, who when speaking of the "old man Doctor," does not

speak in high commendation of his actions towards the emigrants of that year.

The companies that followed the "Meek cut-off," were much longer in reaching The Dalles, and the emigrants endured all the suffering both mentally and physically, that human nature was capable of enduring. And had it not been for a few courageous spirits, they would have been hopelessly lost, and suffered an excruciating torture and death, where no human aid could have brought them relief, and where hearts recently beating with high hopes of future happiness and prosperity, sank down almost to despair and breathing condemnation upon the author of all their calamities. But thank God, most of them arrived in safety, and some of them are here to-day, enjoying the fruits of their labor, their countenances beaming with smiles of pleasure and ever ready to recount to surrounding friends the recollections of that eventful period to which their minds now revert, with malice toward none, and with thankfulness for deliverance from the perils in which they were involved.

I now wish to revert to an individual (formerly a citizen of Salem, now deceased), of whom no person has referred to in their addresses before this Pioneer Association. I refer to Captain Charles Bennett, an emigrant of 1844; I first became acquainted with him in 1835, forty-two years ago. He was then a subordinate officer of Company "A." U. S. Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth. In the spring of 1847, I made a trip to California; Bennett was with us and assisted in camp duties; he was a very active and energetic man, always on the lookout for something ahead; upon our arrival in California, after a short time he left us for Sutter's Fort. After being there a short period, he and a man by the name of Marshal, (he of gold mine fame) entered into a contract with Sutter to erect a saw mill, and while engaged in its erection, the first discovery of gold was made. Now Marshal has always been credited with being the first discoverer, but had it not been for Bennett, in all probability that auriferous region would never have yielded up its golden revenues to the enterprising Yankees. Bennett's searching eye was the first to behold the sparkling "dust" glistening in the mother earth, where it had been embedded for centuries. He it was who first exhibited the first ounce of gold dust to the wondering gaze of the Californians. Well do I remember, when with sparkling eyes and enthusiastic hopes he brought that first specimen of gold, and recounted to us the manner of its discovery, and the extent of its deposits, saying at the same time, "if it really is gold, we can get all we want and become as rich as Cræsus." I claim for Bennett the credit of being the first discoverer of gold in California. He made our house his home when not employed, and I received from his own lips an account of the manner of its discovery in 1848. But Bennett is now gone; he met his death with that true bravery for which he was noted, while fighting to protect the settlers on our frontiers.

But again, the emigration of the year 1845 consisted of between five and six hundred wagons, and about twenty-five hundred souls. Some were well provided with the requisites for a successful trip, and suffered but little serious inconveniences, whilst others illy prepared for such a journey, had many apprehensions concerning their safe arrival at their journey's end. We were from five to six months making the trip from the Missouri river to The Dalles, and if any pen could recount the incidents connected with that journey, it would form a volume of great interest, and of many events that would thrill the heart with emotions, both of a sad and a cheerful character.

I will here refer to another individual connected with the early history of Oregon, one through whose exertions we are indebted in a great measure, to the many benefits we have received, and to the possession of the broad and fertile acres in this blessed land of ours. I refer to the Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, now deceased, he who was the first elected Delegate from Oregon to the Congress of the United States. It was through his energy and devotion to the interests of the people of Oregon, that the Donation Bill granting land to the early settlers became a law. He left here in 1849 to take his seat as Delegate, and no one I presume at this day will fail to accord to him an untiring energy to promote the interests of the settlers in this his adopted country. His name should be held in grateful remembrance, and more especially by the women of this beautiful valley, for by the passage of the Donation Bill, the wife was secured in the possession of 320 acres of land, and well worthy was she entitled to the benefits of that law, for she breasted the hardships and dangers of that tedious journey across the plains, to settle in a Territory where she must necessarily be deprived of many if not all of the conveniences and luxuries of life, and at the same time too, when uncertainties stared her in the face from every point to which she turned her eyes, or fixed her attention upon.

I was but a youth when I crossed the plains in 1845, and therefore was free from the great responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of those of maturer years and having wives and children dependant upon them for support and protection; but now, having assumed the same responsibilities, having my thoughts, my energies, my attention, all directed towards contributing to the domestic happiness of those composing the family circle, I have often been led to conjecture, what must have been the emotions swelling the breast of the true hearted man, when leaving the abodes of civilization in search of a new home he cast his eyes about him, and reflected for a moment upon the toil and dangers to which he was about to expose those dearest to him upon earth; what must have been the feelings of the fond hearted mother, when gazing upon her loved offspring, she contemplated for a moment the dread consequences that might ensue,

before she should find a place she could again call "Home." Yet, with all her anxiety of mind, with all her fearful apprehensions, she exhibited a courageous disposition well calculated to nerve the manly heart and cause it to thrill with a grateful remembrance for her noble devotion to him who risked all for the future prosperity of all concerned, for those composing the entire family circle. But at that time, I was a little more conversant with the thoughts of those of my own age, free from care, with no apprehensions for the future, our only object was present pleasure, and I can truly say, the youth of that emigration had many periods of enjoyment while crossing the plains. I see around me to-day, some faces, then rosy with youth, that participated in making joyous the dreary desert by the ringing laughter of some beautiful maiden at the mishaps of some luckless wight during the day's travel. I see before me him who, violin in hand, discoursed most beautiful music, whilst others danced by the light of the moon till the old violin squeaked the hour for rest. There is to be a dance here to-night, and I hope my friend Simeon Smith will bring out that old violin and give us that good old tune, "Pretty Betty Martin," which he played all the way across the plains, and then perhaps even I might be tempted to trip the light fantastic toe with some of those who thirty odd years ago danced upon the velvety plains of Platte, and the sandy valleys of the Columbia, and who are present with us to-day, and perhaps are thinking now of that old violin.

I must not forget to mention my friend General Joel Palmer, who was first chosen to deliver the Occasional Address at this time, but owing to impaired health, he was compelled to decline the invitation tendered him by the Directors of the Pioneers' Society, and you have missed a great intellectual treat by his non appearance before you to-day. He was an emigrant of 1845, and being a man of varied experience, and of an observant character, I deeply regret that circumstances prevented him from presenting to us to-day such an array of facts and incidents connected with the emigration of 1845, which he certainly could have given, had time and circumstances been propitious for the preparation of an address bearing upon events connected with that year's travel. Palmer was Captain of a company, that made its starting point from Independence, Missouri, and was composed of about forty wagons. He was also one of those who first made the attempt to cut his way through the Cascade mountains to the Willamette valley. Just before reaching The Dalles, he with a few others of his company, went in advance of the wagons to spy out the land, and view out a shorter route to reach the trail where it entered the mountains. They were successful; they then returned to their teams, drove forward in the direction they had viewed out and camped on a creek bottom, the waters of which flowed from Mount Hood's snowy peak, and where they found grass for their horses and

cattle, and then went to work to cut a road across a mountain that never had the imprint of wagon wheel since the first dawn of creation. Others of the company took the road by the way of The Dalles, and those dauntless spirits hewing their way through a heavily timbered mountain, sent word by them to the settlers in the valley concerning the work they were engaged in, and that they desired assistance, both in the way of provisions and labor. They prosecuted their labors in cutting their way through until it became too late in the season to accomplish their object, and so had to abandon the work and return to the camp previously made, where they proceeded to build a cabin for the preservation of their wagons and baggage through the winter, and until they could return for the same next season. Three young men, whose names I do now recollect, were left in charge of the camp, and they were furnished with supplies for their winter's use by persons in the Willamette valley, who had received word of the efforts of these energetic men to cross the mountains and the scarcity of provisions with which they were supplied.

In the spring of 1846, Palmer was one of six who started and traveled across the plains to their homes in the Eastern States, and he returned with his family again in 1847, since which time he has been a true resident Oregonian. You see the General has made three trips across the plains, and what has passed before his vision—naturally and mentally—could it be related to this audience, I think they could then say they had been agreeably entertained. But the idea of giving a description of the emigration of 1845, is a little preposterous, when limited to the brief space of one hour. Every individual emigrant has had his own experience and knowledge of events as they have transpired, and the longest day that Oregon ever witnessed, would scarcely be sufficient time in which to recount the many circumstances, and events of an interesting character that transpired during that weary tramp across the plains.

It has been the duty of him who delivered the Occasional Address to call the roll of the persons composing the emigration of which he was a party. I asserted in advance the impossibility of my complying with that part of the programme, owing to the lapse of time, and to my utter inability to prepare a roll that would do justice to the persons composing the emigration of 1845; and had it been possible, the calling the names of two thousand individuals would prove monotonous, and well calculated to exhaust the patience of the people assembled here. And yet, I do not deem it out of place to refer to some few individuals who crossed the plains in 1845; you have some of them in your midst who have been residents of Salem and vicinity for many years. Where is Wm. J. Herren? He is amongst us to-day, enjoying in retrospect the pleasing associations of the past, when, ox goad in hand during the day, he anti-

pated a joyous occasion when assembled around the camp-fire at night. He has been a prominent member of society, been elevated to many positions of trust and responsibility by the free choice of the people, and to-day occupies a position to which his devotion to the interests of the agricultural classes justly entitles him. There is John Durbin, Sen., who in 1845 was as robust and hearty as any amongst us to-day, but who now, in the decline of life, can look back to those days when all his energies were called into full play to preserve that large band of cattle from the thieving clutches of the red man, and I think I can safely say that those little reminiscences of the past are not altogether of a saddening character. And you have Rufus A Riggs among you, who has the record of the journeyings of a principal part of the emigration of 1845 in his possession, and had I obtained possession of that record a few days sooner, I might then have prepared for you a feast that would have been more decidedly interesting than this desultory address with which you are now afflicted. James B. Riggs, the father of Rufus, who also was an emigrant of 1845, has gone the way of all the earth, after traversing the plains and living and enjoying all of life's comforts in this delightful clime; he died highly respected and honored by all with whom he was acquainted. Marion county was and is the home of many of the emigrants of '45. Where are your Smiths, your Taylors, your Williams, your Simmons, your Halls, your Englishes, and others I might mention? Some of them are yet actively engaged in the performance of life's duties, whilst others have ceased from their labors, and laid them down to rest, free from the cares and turmoils of life, and deeply regretted by friends who survive them. Capt. English, whom you all knew, and who struggled under as severe and trying circumstances as any of the emigration of that year to reach this coast, after a long, arduous and eventful life, has departed from our midst and left behind him a name the synonym of hospitality and honesty.

I noticed in the *Statesman* a day or two ago the inquiry, Where are the Pioneer printers? In answer, I will say that one of them has gone to the spirit land, there to enjoy the reward of a well spent life. I allude to Mr. John Fleming, a pioneer of 1845. I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him during the journey across the plains, and can recall to mind many acts of kindness which he did to myself and others during that trip. He was a resident of Oregon City, and his hands were amongst the first to set type in the publication of a paper in Oregon. Although conversing frequently with him on the subject of setting type and printing in general, I then little dreamed of the manifold duties of the printer. It is a busy life of condensing and rearranging, tearing down and building up, transforming badly spelled and poorly punctuated and miserably written manuscript; yet he loves it, and Fleming was equal with any other in his attachment to the art preservative. I hope if this

manuscript comes into the printer's hands he will treat it tenderly, if for no other reason than out of respect for my departed friend Fleming, who could always appreciate the intention of the writer, and at the same time denounce the writing. Peace to his ashes, and may his name retain an abiding place in the memory of Oregon typos.

I cannot conclude this address without mentioning another Pioneer of '45. I will say that the name of J. C. Avery has long been favorably known throughout the length and breadth of the valley. On his arrival in Oregon, he settled on the Willamette, near the mouth of Mary's river, and continued to reside there up to the day of his death. He was founder and proprietor of the city of Corvallis, and lived to see it one of the most thriving towns in the valley. He occupied many prominent positions in public affairs, and was always esteemed for his indomitable energy and perseverance in everything having a tendency to advance the interests of his adopted State. He now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and his friends will ever hold in remembrance the kindly associations connected with his eventful life. And Fredrick Waymire, he who was Polk county's truest friend in all that appertained to her best interests, where is he to-day? Numbered with the dead. Could he be here present with us to-day to discourse upon events connected with the emigration of 1845, your ears would be saluted with an interesting theme that few but him could present to you. He was a member of the convention that framed our State Constitution, was at different times a member of the State Legislature, all of which positions he filled with honor to himself, and with a cheerful acknowledgment by his constituents that he was a true and devoted public servant.

"Dear friend, farewell, your flight you've taken,
Yet memory will kind thoughts awaken."

Now I believe I see before me, my friend Rees, who although he was here prior to 1845, yet, he is indebted to the emigration of that year for all the domestic bliss he has enjoyed for these many years. He became enamored with the charms of one of the fair maidens who crossed the plains that year, and had it not been for her affectionate disposition, he might still be an old bachelor, whang in hand, mending his old buckskin unmentionables. I hope Rees now does and ever will bless the emigration of 1845, for bringing to his arms the lovely maiden who has shared his toils, wept when he has wept, rejoiced when he rejoiced for more than a quarter of a century. Long life to Rees; may he live to enjoy many such occasions as the present one. Yes, friend Rees, you helped to organize this Association, you have contributed all in your power to make it a success, and to-day you can foresee for it a prosperous future.

This is a day to which many of us have looked in anticipation of pleasure

and enjoyment of a social character. It is a day which brings together persons, who in the distant past have shared the same toil and danger, have been bound by a mutual interest in each others care and protection, and who after passing through difficulties apparently insurmountable, have at last reached the acme of their cherished hopes, fair Oregon, whose fertile soil and salubrious climate gives competency and health to the industrious dweller within her borders. Fellow Pioneers, let not this Association fail through indifference or a want of interest to render it perpetual. Old Pioneers are fast passing away, but a few more years, and those of 1845 will have rendered up their account, and now is the time to prepare for a future generation, some means by which they can gain a knowledge of the early settlement of the country and its progress from a wilderness in 1840 to its present high state of civilization.

Oregon's present career, is a promising morning,
Her future, a noontide of lustre shall be;
Art, science and commerce, her handmaids adorning,
My beautiful Oregon, that sits by the sea.

THE OREGON PIONEER.

BY SAMUEL L. SIMPSON, ESQ.

I.

In the dusk of forgotten years,
And the rain of their drifting woe,
Where the city of Priam rears
Dim walls by Scammander's flow
Lies the harp old Homer strung
On the fabled and fading shore,
When the story of Troy was young,
And Calv'ry was far before.

II.

In the silence of old, and the dew
Of the sorrowful mists of time,
As the ages go on and renew
The chalice of life sublime,
His harp lies at rest, though his song
Is echoing onward still,
Detaining the beautiful throng
Of the gods on the classic hill.

III.

But the heroes of war remain,
And, alert at the call of fate,
They return to the stormy plain
From the ships and the Scæan gate;
And the groups of the glorious gods,
In the court of the thunderer, Jove,
Lean over, and note where nods
Each plume that they hate or love.

IV.

Bold hearts that have gained the west!
Nor Hector nor Peleus' son
In their knightliest deeds and best
Have rivaled what you have done!
For spirit of valor doth yet
In the bosom of manhood burn,
Though the genius of Homer has set
And the gods nevermore return.

V.

In the faces that circle here
Are the signets of toil and care,
But the light of a purpose clear
Yet lingers, like sunset, there;
And I read, on your brows of calm,
The record of many a fray,
In the scars that have won the palm,
And the lines that have come to stay.

VI.

For I read of the toiling train,
And the trail of its dust afar,
And the Crows and the Sioux, again
Are a hovering cloud of war.—
Of the graves that you have left, with tears,
In the deserts of sand and sage,
And the sorrows that seams and scars,
With a heavier hand than age.

VII.

And I read of the sweet desires
That you wreathed on the sunset's bars
As ever your red camp-fires
Were traveling on with the stars—
Till the goal of your hearts was won
In the mists of Pacific's spray,
In the purple tents of the sun,
And the camp of the weary day.

VIII.

Where the forest o'ershadowed, and where
The fountains of crystal are born,
And the mystical voice of the fir
Is singing at eve and at morn,
Your cabin is built in a day,
And the wife is enthroned, to her joy,
And you look and rejoice and you say,
"She is fairer than Helen of Troy!"

IX.

And the rifle, the axe, and the plow
Are the texts that you preach to the wild,
And the crests of the forests bow,
And the wastes, by your toil beguiled,
Move back with a wider sweep
From orchards and fields of grain,
And you sow, though you may not reap,
In the shadowy days of pain.

X.

For the tocsin of war may call
The toiler from fence or field,
And you go where so many fall,
And you fight till the foemen yield!—
It was thus, in the bronze of toil,
And the blood of the patriot's fate,
And deep in the rocks and soil
Your grounded the pillars of State.

XI.

On his throne of the wild Cascades
Sits the glittering monarch, Hood,
As the days with their wheeling shades,
Pass on in a solemn mood;
And away to the east and the west,
In the seas of the golden air,
He may see that his wilds are dressed
With a glory of harvests rare.

XII.

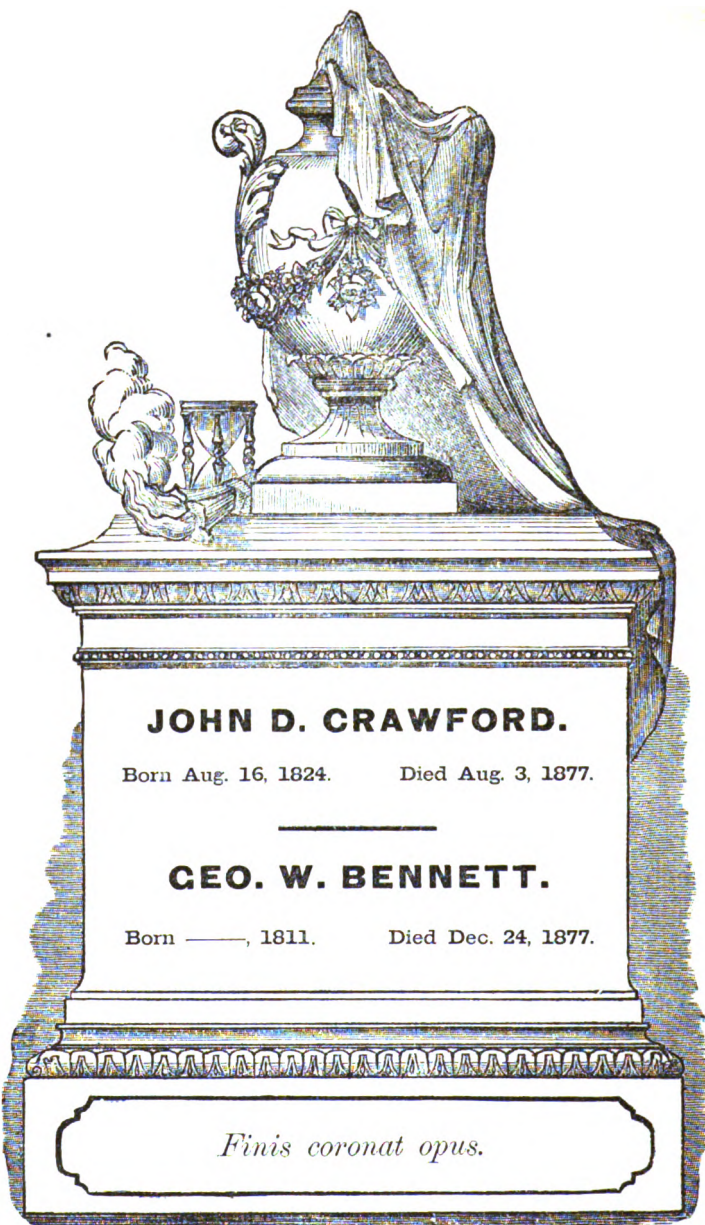
And the rivers are tracked with foam,
As the steamers go up and down,
And the glittering spire and dome
Mark many a busy town;
And from myriad homes there springs
A murmur of sweet content,
And 'tis there, though no Homer sings,
True souls, you have monument!

XIII.

But by many a mansion fair,
In the shade of the dreaming fir,
Where the spider is weaving her snare
To the music of dropping burs,
Is the cabin you built in the days
That tested the fibre of men,
And the softest of sunlight plays
On the roof that you loved so then.

XIV.

So rude, and unlovely and old,
By the side of your mansion fair,
It is clasped in the richest gold
Of the odorous summer air;
But a mansion not made by hands,
Is gilding their dreams as it nears,
And the Angel of Welcome stands
At the door of the Pioneers!



JOHN D. CRAWFORD.

Born Aug. 16, 1824.

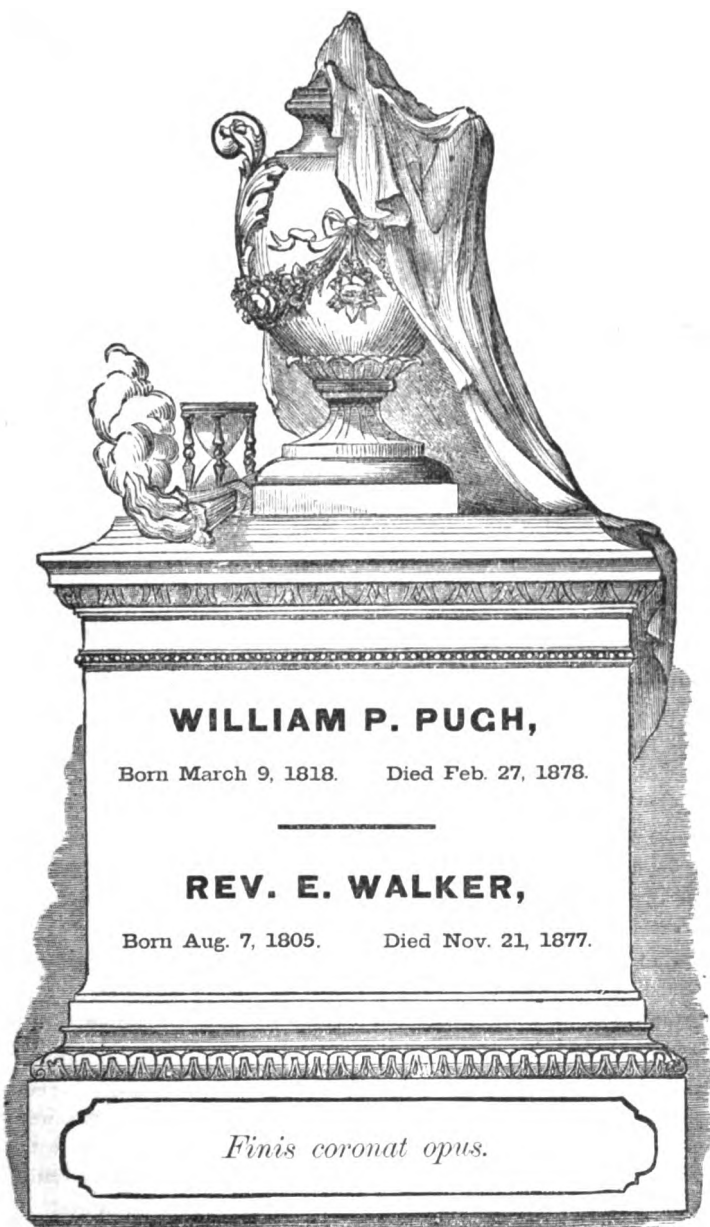
Died Aug. 3, 1877.

GEO. W. BENNETT.

Born ———, 1811.

Died Dec. 24, 1877.

Finis coronat opus.



HON. JOHN D. CRAWFORD.

BY WILLIARD H. REES.

John Davis Crawford was born in Onondaga county, New York, August 16, 1824. After leaving the schools he entered a printing office in the town of Havana, where he remained until he became master of the art. Soon after gaining a practical knowledge of printing he changed his mind as to his future vocation. Bidding adieu to his old home, he turned his face toward the tempting allurements of the far famed West. On reaching Milan, Ohio, he at once decided to make that thrifty young town his future home. Here he entered a law office and for some time devoted himself to the study of the profession. He finally yielded to the repeated and earnest solicitations of his elder brother, Captain Medorum Crawford, who had made the overland journey to Oregon in 1842, to join him at Oregon City, with which request he complied, reaching Oregon with the immigration of 1847.

The Whitman massacre, which occurred November 29th, of that year, young Crawford received an appointment in the Commissary Department, serving under Gen. Palmer during the campaign against the Cayuse Indians.

In the early part of 1848, Geo. L. Curry, who had but recently retired from the editorial chair of the pioneer paper, the *Oregon Spectator*, established at Oregon City a second paper called the *Free Press*, upon which Mr. Crawford was for a time employed.

During the early excitement which followed the discovery of gold on the American river, California, by James Marshall, an Oregon immigrant of 1844, Mr. Crawford, like a large majority of Oregonians, made the journey to that distant Eldorado.

In 1851, he became half owner of the *Hoosier*, the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on the Willamette river. She plied for a short time between Vancouver, Portland and Oregon City; was subsequently transferred to the upper river and placed in the Yamhill trade, where she met with a lucrative business.

In 1852, Mr. Crawford entered into partnership with the late Dr. Newell in the mercantile business at Champoege, which at that day commanded quite an extensive trade. Here he continued to reside until the first week in December, 1861, when that historic village was completely swept away by the great flood of that year. He was a member of the State Legislature from Clackamas county in 1872, became a member of the Pioneer Association in 1873; was a member of Butteville Grange, serving as its Secretary from the organization to the 1st of January last.

At the cemetery, the Masonic fraternity took charge of the interment, and during the performance of their beautiful burial service, the remains of Mr. Crawford were shut from mortal sight forever. Slowly and sorrowfully the large concourse of old friends and neighbors departed from the sad scene, and soon the cemetery contained none but the silent dead.

REV. ELKINAH WALKER.

BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON.

Rev. Elkinah Walker, who died at Forest Grove, Oregon, Nov. 21, 1877, was born Aug. 7, 1805, in North Yarmouth, near Portland, Maine. The son of a farmer in that seaport town, the path of life opened naturally to him and his brothers there, either on the farm or in the ship yard, or upon the sea. The sons of Maine have made a record in all these callings alike honorable to themselves and to their State.

But during that series of revivals following the labors of Mills and Nettleton and their compeers through New England and the middle States, the interest in missions was invigorated and widely extended. Men and women gave up home and country and went abroad East, West, North and South, knowing little that should befall them, only that Christ bade them "go and teach all nations, and promised to be with them to the end of the world."

Such was the air in which Mr. Walker began to live and move after his conversion in 1831. Shortly after this he was led by a favorite instructor, Rev. Mr. Newell, to enter the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, New Hampshire, and prepare for college.

But in 1834, instead of following his classmates to Dartmouth or Bowdoin, he took the "short course" into the ministry, much to his regret afterwards, and entered the Bangor Theological Seminary that fall, and remained three years under the instruction of Drs. Pond and Shepherd and other teachers.

The calls for missionary labor abroad enlisted him, as it did his loved classmate, Rev. Cyrus Hamilin, D. D., now so eminent for his efforts in founding churches and schools and colleges in and around Constantinople.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Eells, his co-worker, from Massachusetts, were soon in 1837 booked for Zulu Land, South Africa. A few months passed in initial preparations, when a tribal war, fierce and bloody and merciless began between the border chieftains there, Dingaan and Moselkatze.

Meanwhile a strange voice had been heard from beyond the Rocky mountains. Four Flathead Indians, so styled, but true Nez Percés, had come that long journey to St. Louis in 1832-3, inquiring for the "white man's God." It seemed like a call of God. The Methodist church responded instantly, and sent Rev. Jason Lee with the first company of missionaries to Oregon in 1834.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent Messrs. Parker and Whitman to explore, in 1835. In 1836 Messrs. Whitman and Spaulding and their wives—the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains—and Mr. Wm. H. Gray, began their mission work in the basin of the Columbia.

Favorable reports of the journey and their welcome among the Indians, and the need of more laborers for new fields, easily, (on request of the Board), led Messrs. Walker and Eells, then waiting to sail for Africa, to listen and follow this providential call to Oregon. Not many weeks were given to preparation and farewells,—for very early, March 6th, 1838, on the next day after marriage, Mr. Walker and wife, started on their *bridal* trip en route for Boston, New York, St. Louis and the wide plains, roamed by the buffalo, the Indian and the trapper. The enterprise, though tested by the first company of pioneer families, demanded courage, and to it he and his wife, and Mr. Eells and his wife, and William H. Gray,—who had returned,—and his wife, gave a heroism born of faith and nursed in prayer.

Four thousand miles from their home on the Atlantic, they built their log house among the Spokanes, expecting seldom or never to see the faces of friends again, or hardly of white people.

Their mission was to unfold the gospel of Christ to these dark-minded men and women and children, first chiefly by the example of their own Christian home. A Christian family is the best witness for God. It ranks higher than the school. It photographs the divine word. Imagine those two godly families, living among the huts of the savages, daily making known the simple stories of the Bible, and that for ten years, with no reward but the food and clothing for themselves and families, and you have a picture of mission life. Such was Mr. Walker's work while and after learning the language. Little was done or could be done to reduce it to written forms or to print it. One small primer, prepared and printed by his own hand on the mission press at Lapwai, in 1841, was the only book in that language.

Incidental lessons were in the garden and on the farm, with hoe and plow and sickle and axe, with all the conveniences that they could make for the comfort of domestic life. These latter are supposed to be *prime* in the steps of civiliza-

tion. The fact is they are its fruits. Ideas are the roots of things. Out of germ thoughts come the higher forms and amenities of home life and social relations. Plant truths first and gather fruits afterwards. To that line of action, Mr. Walker and his co-laborers gave a steadfast mind and patient effort, both witnesses of intelligent faith in and true devotion to the *Great Teacher* and His methods. Accustomed so long to address Indians only in a conversational way, it was hard for Mr. Walker, in later life, to be free from a tremor, or seeming timidity before a common Sabbath audience, but in prayer he was happy in speech and most tender in appeal. The Indians learned to respect him as a man of true courage, a quality which they always test, and to esteem him as a friend, and to trust him as an honest man. One of them, a young man, who lived with him a year, made such progress in new thoughts that an old chief, jealous of his influence with the tribe, persuaded him away, and by a kind of plagiarism obtained his new views and gave them to the tribe as his own, and thus retained his own influence over them. That young man became a Christian and a chief, and did much by his counsels to allay the war fever that was rising so high among them last summer, and to keep his part of the tribe true to the whites, as Rev. Mr. Eells testifies, who was among them at the time.

When the terrible news came by a rumor to the Spokanes in November, 1847, that the Cayuses had killed Dr. Whitman and family, and that a band would soon come and cut off the mission families, a Spokane chief at once told Messrs. Walker and Eells, and said, "Do not fear; we will defend you." On some signs of danger, he collected his armed and mounted warriors, rode to their station, surrounded their dwellings, and thus always ready, became a bodyguard to them and their households during the long winter, until a company of Oregon Volunteer Cavalry, under Major Magone, came to rescue and escort them to the Willamette valley in the early summer of 1848.

Witnesses of the honesty and faithfulness of those Indians and of their desire to improve themselves and their children come from many and various sources. The Christian integrity of those of them now in Rev. Mr. Cowley's church is attested by him, and the loyalty of that portion of the tribe to the American people and government has been steadfast for nearly forty years.

Rev. Mr. Walker came to the Willamette valley almost thirty years ago, from the threatening dangers in the upper country. His desire was to preach the Gospel here also, but the needs of a large family called him to toil early and late for their support and education. He was a member of the Oregon Congregational Association of Ministers and Delegates of the churches, who, in September, 1848, by vote, approved and accepted the plan suggested by Rev. Theron Baldwin, Secretary of the American College Society, to start an academy that

should grow into a college in Oregon. He voted for the first Board of Trustees, with the recommendations to adopt the proposed plan and become incorporated. He would no doubt have been chosen one of the Board then if his relation to the A. B. C. F. M., had been dissolved. The idea of this academy and college helped in his decision to abide in Oregon and here educate his children.

Soon after, in 1848, the Trustees chose the site of what is now Forest Grove—then mostly an open plain, with here and there a log house—as the location of the academy and college. Mr. Walker also chose it for his abode and moved thither in 1850, having bought the claim on which part of the village has grown up. For the school he prayed and labored, and to it he gave \$1,000 worth of property.

When he became a Trustee his counsel and zeal for it were more efficient. Into its original purpose of a school for Christ and his church he entered with all the spirit of its early friends, Baldwin, Clarke, Naylor and those saintly women who have gone before to the heavenly rest.

For about fifteen years he acted as pastor or joint pastor of the Congregational church at Forest Grove. Though for the most part self-supporting, he was glad to drop all business and prepare for the pulpit and the prayer meeting. He was ever ready to visit the sick and of quick sympathy for mourners. At communion seasons, where he had the joy to welcome a majority of the church to membership, at these seasons in the general association, he was very happy and tender in remark and prayer.

He educated and joyfully gave one son to Christ for China. All were equally consecrated and freely given to whatever post the Master shall assign them. He was glad that one son had freely done missionary work for several years on a reservation, and now that another has promptly taken his place, made vacant by sickness. He gave \$1,000 to build and complete the house of worship at Forest Grove.

As a citizen he was deeply interested in the growth and welfare of our State. Its progress in industrial and business enterprises, in schools and churches, in general intelligence and good society, so surpassed all his early expectations that it became a constant surprise and gladness.

An ever devoted wife and seven children, six sons and a daughter, and fourteen grand children, survive this patriarch missionary to bear up his name and exemplify his virtues.

It was a joy to him seven years ago, with his wife, to return to Maine to mingle for a few weeks again with brothers and sisters and friends after 33 years of sep-

aration, and to attend an anniversary of the A. B. C. F. M., which sent them forth, and there in person, and before the churches, give tidings from his field.

It was a greater joy, as the first rays of morning entered his window, to hear and quietly obey the Master's summons to leave all and ascend to the promised "Mansions," to join the company of Newell and Carruthers, Mills and Nettleton, Green and Treat, Baldwin and Finney, and hosts of others before and after them who have been redeemed, and there before the Throne to give an account of his stewardship.

A large audience of citizens, with Trustees, the Faculty and students of Pacific University, attended his funeral on the 23d of November, 1877.

WILLIAM P. PUGH.

The subject of this notice was born in Sullivan county, Indiana, on the 9th day of March, in the year 1818, and consequently was nearly 60 years of age at the time of his death. Mr. Pugh was one of our early Pioneers, who braved the toil and dangers of crossing the plains in the spring of 1845, in company with his parents, brother and sister, and arrived here in the days of the trail and foot-log, and when Oregon was a howling wilderness. He has resided in Marion county ever since that time, and was one of her honored and respected citizens. About a year ago his left hand became paralyzed and rendered perfectly useless, and on Feb. 21st, he received another stroke, and his entire body became paralyzed, and after suffering a few hours he passed away and joined the great silent majority. Mr. Pugh leaves an aged wife and a large family of children, three brothers and a sister to mourn his loss.

Thus another one of the early Pioneers and one of the old land marks has been removed. May his grave be ever kept green.

GEORGE WILLIAM BURNETT.*

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, on the 18th day of October, 1811. When he was six years of age, his parents removed to the State of Missouri, where he remained until 1846.

On the 18th day of November, 1831, he was married to Sidney A. Younger, who survived him. In 1846, he removed with his family to this State, and in fall of 1847, took up a donation land claim in Yamhill county. He resided in that county continuously until he died.

In 1868, he was elected as a Republican to the office of Representative from Yamhill in the Legislature of that year.

Although a strictly religious man, he was not at the time of his death, nor for some time prior thereto, connected with any church. He had in former times been a member of the Christian church, and also of the Baptist church. He gave directions that there should be no religious ceremonies in connection with his funeral as he believed such matters were for the living and not for the dead.

He was universally esteemed among his neighbors as a man of strict honesty and integrity. He was a man of strong convictions both in religion and politics, but withal, was possessed of an exceedingly kind heart. He was well beloved and his death was mourned by a very large circle of friends.

*The name was printed Geo. W. Bennett, in the memorial page.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Armstrong, Mrs. Jane.	1842		New York	1842		
Avery, J. C.	1845	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1817	Corvallis	
Anderson, Levy	1846	Michigan	New York	1832	Portland	
Ankney, Henry E.	1850	Virginia.	Virginia.	1844	Salem.	
Ankney, Alex. P.	1849		Pennsylvania	1812	Portland	
Allen, R. S.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1840		
Ainsworth, J. C.	1850	Ohio.	Ohio	1822	Portland	
Anderson, James	1847	Ohio.	Ohio	1872	Jefferson.	
Anderson, Mrs. Lucy	1846	Michigan	New York	1832	Jefferson.	
Albright, Franklin	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1840		
Ascraft, John.	1851	Ohio.	Indiana.	1825		
Allen, T. B.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1844	Salem.	
Apperson, John T.	1847	Missouri.	Kentucky	1834	Oregon City	
Apperson, Mrs. Mary Ann	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.		Oregon City	
Albright, John B.	1846	Missouri.	New York	1808		
Allen, Samuel	1847	Missouri.	East Tenn' see	1805	Salem.	
Allen, Mrs. Sarah	1847	Missouri.	W. Tenn' see	1811	Salem.	Died May 12, 1876.
Adams, O. P.	1850	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1850		
Avery, Mrs. J. C.	1847			1833	Corvallis	
Allison, Mrs. L. J.	1852	Illinois.	Ohio.	1833	Albany	
Allen, J. C.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri	1825	Eola.	
Allen, Mrs. M.	1853	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Eola.	
Allen, B. H.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1823	Halsey	
Allen, J. W.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1830	Amity	
Athey, James	1843	Missouri.	Vermont	1818	Oregon City	
Athey, Mrs. Mary P.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Oregon City	
Abernethy, Frank	1853	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1853	Oak Point.	

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NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nat'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Abernethy, Alex. S.	1850	Missouri.	N. Brunswick	1813	Oak Point	
Black, Henry	1840		Kentucky	1809		
Barnier, Franklin.	1841	Missouri.	Canada	1806		
Black, Mrs. M. A. E.	1843	Missouri.	Arkansas	1824		
Bargern, Louis	1843	Missouri.	Canada	1812		
Baker, A. J.	1843	Missouri.	N. Carolina	1822		
Boyer, Thomas.	1843		Ohio	1834		
Baker, J. G.	1843	Missouri.	Kentucky	1818		
Burton, James	1844		England	1817		
Brown, Thomas	1844		Australia	1836		
Barlow, William	1845	Illinois	Indiana	1822	Oregon City	
Boon, Henry D	1845	Ohio.	Iowa	1839	Salem.	
Bridges, J. H.	1846	Virginia.	Virginia	1820	Salem.	
Bridges, Mrs. M. A.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri	1833	Salem.	
Buckingham, Homan C.	1846	Illinois	New York	1812	Monroe.	
Byrd, L. A.	1846	Arkansas	Arkansas	1822		
Brown, Alvin C	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1829		
Burnett, George W.	1846	Missouri.	Tennessee	1811	Lafayette	Died December 24, 1877.
Brooks, S. L.	1850	Illinois	Ohio.		The Dalles	
Brooks, E. S	1850	Illinois	Illinois.		Brooks	
Brooks, Linus	1850	Ohio.	Illinois.	1805	Brooks	
Brooks, Mrs. Eliza M	1850	Connecticut.	Illinois.	1804	Brooks	
Brooks, H. J.	1850	Illinois	Illinois.		Brooks	
Bacon, John M.	1845	New York.	New York.	1822	Oregon City	
Baker, J. A.	1847	Iowa.	Illinois.	1839	Salem.	
Burkhart, L. C.	1847	Iowa.	E. Tennessee	1823	Albany	
Burkhart, Mrs. A. M.	1847	Illinois	Illinois.	1834	Albany.	

Brisky, John.....	1847	Iowa.....	Pennsylvania	1822	
Brown, J. Henry.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1838	Salem.....
Brady, J. C.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1834	
Bewley, J. F.....	1847	Virginia.....	E. Tennessee	1828	
Burkhardt, C. D.....	1847	Iowa.....	Tennessee	1821	Albany.....
Brown, Mrs. Sarah A.....	1847	Iowa.....	Iowa.....	1832	Albany.....
Baner, Andrew.....	1848	Indiana.....	Bavaria.....	1810	
Basket, G. J.....	1848		Kentucky.....	1817	Dixie.....
Branson, B. B.....	1848	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1830	Sheridan.....
Bristow, E. L.....	1848	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1832	Salem.....
Buckingham, Mrs. M. J.....	1848	Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1833	
Bacon, Mrs. Rachel W.....	1845	Iowa.....	Indiana.....	1834	Oregon City.....
Black, George.....	1843	Ohio.....	Ohio.....	1814	Gaston.....
Biles, John D.....	1849	Pennsylvania.....	Pennsylvania	1830	Portland.....
Barlow, Mrs. M. A.....	1850	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1831	
Boise, Ruben P.....	1850	Massach'setts.....	Massach'setts	1819	Salem.....
Bills, Lemuel.....	1850	Indiana.....	Vermont.....	1802	
Bowger, N. A.....	1850	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1820	
Baum, L.....	1850	Connecticut.....	Bavaria.....	1820	
Bacon, C. P.....	1850		New York.....	1820	
Bell, John C.....	1850	Missouri.....	Kentucky.....	1833	Portland.....
Breyman, Werner.....	1850	Wisconsin.....	Germany.....	1814	Portland.....
Burkart, C. P.....	1851	Iowa.....	Tennessee.....	1830	Salem.....
Baker, W. H.....	1851	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1819	Albany.....
Baker, Mrs. Elizabeth.....	1851	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1812	Salem.....
Bruce, James.....	1851	Illinois.....	New York.....	1824	
Baker, Mrs. Mary A.....	1852	Missouri.....	Indiana.....	1830	
Buchtel, Joseph.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1833	
Burton, E. M.....	1852		Ohio.....	1836	Portland.....
Bristow, Mrs. Hattie E.....	1852	Missouri.....	New York.....		
Brey, Andrew C.....	1852	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1848	Salem.....
Biddle, Benj. R.....	1852	Born in Or'g'n.....	Oregon.....	1852	Salem.....
Biddle, Mrs. Maria.....	1852	Illinois.....	Virginia.....	1808	Corvallis.....
Burford, H.....	1852	Illinois.....	Tennessee.....	1814	Corvallis.....
	1852	Illinois.....	Indiana.....	1811	

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NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Burford, Mrs. Levina	1852	Illinois.	Kentucky	1814		
Burnsides, D. W.	1852	California.	Vermont	1826		
Bowlby, Wilson	1852		New Jersey	1818		
Brown, J. J.	1852	Illinois.	Tennessee	1826		
Brown, Mrs. Sarah E.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois	1832		
Borston, Joseph	1851	Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1826		
Buxton, Henry	1841	Montoba	Montoba	1829	Forest Grove.	
Buxton, Mrs. Roseann	1845	Ohio.	Ohio.	1832	Forest Grove.	
Belcher, J. M.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia	1823	Lafayette.	
Bird, John	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky	1810	Lafayette.	
Beaty, B. L.	1851	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	1828	Salem.	
Brooks, Mrs. A. P.	1850	England	England	1842	The Dalles.	
Boyd, L. T.	1843	Ohio.	Ohio.	1832	Amity	
Burch, C. H.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828	Amity	
Buffam, W. G.	1845	Missouri.	Vermont	1804	Amity	
Brinard, Wm. E.					E. Portland.	
Bagby, Wm.	1852	New York.	New York	1831	Siletz.	
Baldwin, A. J.	1852	Illinois.	Ohio.	1832	Olympia, W.T.	
Beane, Jos H.	1850	Indiana	Ohio.	1831	Myrtle Creek	
Borges, G. H.	1850	Ohio.	Ohio.	1833		
Boynton, C. C.	1850	Illinois.	New York	1822	Needy	
Boynton, M. A.	1850	Illinois.	Ohio.	1824	Needy	
Blanchard, Joshua R.	1851	Illinois.	Vermont	1820	Oregon City.	
Blanchard, Robt. J.	1851	Illinois.	Ohio.	1828	Oregon City.	
Billings, Wm	1849	Virginia.	Virginia.		Olympia, W.T.	
Barton, B. R.	1853	Iowa.	N. Carolina	1826	Tangent.	
Barton, Rebecca J.	1853	Iowa.	Ohio.	1833	Tangent.	

Blevans, A. J.	1850 Missouri.	Kentucky	1835 Tangent.	
Buffenort, W. G.	1845 Missouri.	Vermont	1804 Amity	
Burch, B. F.	1845 Missouri.	Missouri.	1835 Salem.	
Burch, S. T.	1847 Missouri.	Missouri.	1831 Dixie.	
Ball, Isaac	1848 Missouri.	England	1812 Perrydale	
Crawford, Medorum	1842 New York.	New York	1819 Portland	
Crawford, Mrs. Adeline.	1842 Missouri.	Missouri.	1821 Portland	
Clark, Daniel.	1844 Canada	Ireland	1828 Salem.	
Case, Wm. M.	1844 Indiana	Indiana	1820 Silvertown	
Cooley, Eli C.	1845 Missouri.	Missouri.	1821 Silvertown	
Caplinger, J. C.	1845 Illinois.	Virginia	1815 Salem.	
Cornelius, T. R.	1845 Missouri.	Missouri.	1827 Hillsboro.	
Chambers, Mrs. Eliza J.	1845 Iowa.	Illinois.	1832 Salem.	
Cone, A. S.	1846 Iowa.	Indiana	1827 Butteville	
Curry, Geo. Law	1846 Missouri.	Pennsylvania	1820 Portland	
Church, J. S.	1846 Illinois.	Virginia	1832	Governor under Territorial organization.
Chambers, John W	1846 Illinois.	New York	1821 Salem.	
Currier, J. M.	1846 Missouri.	Vermont	1827	
Clarke, Samuel A	1852 Ohio.	Cuba	1827 Salem.	
Coffin, S. C.	1850 Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1825 The Dalles.	
Cone, G. A. Jr.	1847 Indiana	Indiana	1824 Buttrville	
Childers, H. C.	1850 Iowa.	Indiana	1834	
Coleman, James	1847 Iowa.	Ohio	1821	
Conser, Jacob	1848 Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1818 Jefferson.	
Crawford, John D.	1847 New York.	New York	1824 Butteville.	
Cone, G. A. Sr.	1851 Iowa.	Vermont	1798 Butteville.	
Ohadwick, Stephen A.	1851 New York.	Connecticut.	1825 Salem.	Died August 3d, 1877.
Cartwright, C. M	1852 Michigan	Michigan	Salem.	
Cone, O. H.	1847 Iowa	Indiana	1831 Butteville	
Cone, Mrs. Margaret.	1852 Illinois.	Illinois.	1839 Butteville.	
Cooke, E. N.	1851 Ohio.	New York	1810 Salem.	
Cranston, Warren.	1851 Ohio.	Ohio.	1826 Salem.	
Cosgrove, Hugh.	1847 Illinois.	Indiana	1811	
Crosby, C. B.	1847 New York.	New York	1829	

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Crosby, Mrs. Virginia	1850	Missouri.	Virginia	1834		
Cleason, M. J.	1850	Iowa.	Ireland.	1844		
Casey, James	1851	Illinois.	Ireland.	1830		
Casey, Mrs. Ellen	1852	Ireland.	Ireland.	1832		
Castleman, P. F.	1851	California	Kentucky	1827	Butteville	
Castleman, Mrs. lanthea J.	1847	Iowa.	Ohio.	1835	Butteville	
Clark, W. J.	1852	New York	New York	1836		
Calby, E. F.	1850	Ohio.	N. Hampshire	1811	Silverton	
Cary, G. W.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Portland	
Comeygs, George.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1838		
Cox, Joseph.	1847	Missouri.	Ohio.	1811	Salem.	Died October 1876.
Carlile, Daniel.	1851	Ohio.	Ohio.	1833		
Cress, Jeremiah	1851	Illinois.	Indiana.	1803		
Chenoweth, Mrs. Elizabeth A.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1831	Corvallis	
Chenoweth, F. A.	1849	Iowa.	Ohio.	1819	Corvallis	
Churchill, Clark N.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Salem.	
Chaywood, James C.	1852	Illinois.	E. Tennessee	1817	Turner.	
Caywood, Mrs. Francis.	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1812	Turner.	
Coffin, Stephen.	1847	Indiana	Maine.	1807	Portland	
Coffin, Mrs. Lucinda	1847	Indiana	N. Hampshire	1819	Portland	
Condon, Rev. Thomas	1852	New York	Ireland.	1822	Eugene City.	
Condon, Mrs. Cornelia J.	1852	New York	New York	1832	Eugene City.	
Corbett, H. W.	1851	Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1827	Portland	
Carter, C. M.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1828	Portland	
Cooley, Jackson.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1816	Salem.	
Cornelius, Benjamin	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Forest Grove.	
Cornelius, Mrs. R.	1845	Iowa.	Indiana.	1833	Forest Grove.	

Claggett, Charles.....	1852	Missouri.....	Kentucky	1813	Salem.....
Carter, Wm. B.....	1852	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1811	Corvallis
Crawford, T. H.....	1852	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1840	Salem.....
Crawford, Emily B.....	1852	Wisconsin.....	Wisconsin.....	1846	Salem.....
Clark, Marion W.....	1852	Oregon.....	Born in Or'g'n	1852	Salem.....
Caywood, F.....	1847	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1812	Turner.....
Cartwright, Mary.....	1845	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1843	The Dalles.....
Collins, Wm.....	1851	N Hampshire	Ireland.....	1813	
Collins, Mrs. Mary	1851		Mass.....	1814	
Caldwell, Wm. S.....	1850	Massach'setts	Mass.....	1824	Portland
Crump, Wm. R.....	1846	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1837	Salem.....
Clozopore, J. H.....	1846	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1838	Albany.....
Chapman, Wm.....	1847	New York.....	New York.....	1826	Sheridan
Caplinger, H. C.....	1845	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1843	Salem.....
Cole, W. D.....	1845	Missouri.....	Ohio.....	1823	Monmouth.....
Casey, Mrs. C. B.....	1843	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1815	Lafayette.....
Cox, G. S.....	1846	Missouri.....	Kentucky	1806	Silverton.....
Cooper, Frank.....	1849	Virginia.....	Indiana.....	1829	Salem.....
Delaney, Wm.....	1843	Missouri.....	E. Tennessee.....	1824	Salem.....
Davidson, A. F.....	1845	Iowa.....	Kentucky	1820	Salem.....
Durbin, Sol.....	1845	Missouri.....	Ohio.....	1830	Salem.....
Daley, David R. S.....	1845	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1817	Salem.....
Delaney, David.....	1845	Missouri.....	E. Tennessee.....	1828	Salem.....
Delanson, T. L.....	1847	Iowa.....	Kentucky	1830	Salem.....
Durham, John N.....	1846	Missouri.....	Kentucky	1820	
Duval, Mrs. L.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1844	
Downing, John.....	1847	Iowa.....	Pennsylvania	1827	Sublimity
Denny, Mrs. Gertrude.....	1847	W. Virginia.....		1838	Portland
Dimick, Geo. W.....	1847	Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1837	Hubbard
Deady, Mrs. Lucy A.....	1846	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1837	
Dotson, Z. S.....	1851	W. Virginia.....	W. Virginia.....	1820	
Dimick, Mrs. Minna A.....	1851	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1840	Hubbard
Drake, B. F.....	1851	Massach'setts	Mass.....	1825	Salem.....
Davenport, T. W.....	1851	Ohio.....	New York.....	1826	Silverton.....

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of b'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Davenport, J. A.	1851		England	1814		
Davis, T. A.	1850		Indiana	1834		
Drekey, Thomas J.	1852	Tennessee	Tennessee	1830		
Denny, O. N.	1852	Ohio	Michigan	1838	Portland	
Delaney, Mrs. O.	1852	Missouri	Kentucky			
Dewitt, P.	1850	California	New York	1822		
Duval, G. R.	1853	New York	New York	1834		
Dickens, John.	1848	Missouri	Tennessee	1826		
Deady, Mathew P.	1849	Ohio	Maryland	1824	Portland	
Durham, John N.	1846	Missouri	Kentucky	1820	Dayton, W. T.	
Davis, Ruben	1845	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	1829	Marion	
Davidson, J. E.	1847	Illinois	Kentucky	1823	Indepe'dence	
Davidson, Mrs. M. M.	1848	Illinois	Illinois	1836	Indepe'dence	
Ekin, R. H.	1842	Sandwich I'd	England	1817	Salem.	
English, L. N.	1845	Iowa	Maryland	1792	Salem.	Died March 6, 1875.
Earnest, Mrs. Mary	1852	Missouri	Kentucky	1813		
Earnest, Wm. B.	1852	Missouri	Kentucky	1813		
England, Wm.	1852	Illinois	Illinois	1831	Salem.	
Elliott, Wm.	1846	Missouri	Indiana	1816	Missouri	
Elliott, Mrs. Nancy	1846	Missouri	Kentucky	1815	Oregon City	
Engle, Joseph.	1851	Illinois	Virginia	1816	Hubbard	
Eastham, Wm. F.	1848	Illinois	Virginia	1823		
English, Mrs. Mary	1850	Missouri	Missouri	1828		
Ebert, George Wood.	1839	Kentucky	Kentucky	1810	Hillsboro.	
Elkins, James	1852	Ohio	Ohio	1831	Albany	
Eastham, E. L.	1849	Oregon	Oregon	1849	Oregon City	
Everhart, B. G.	1852	Michigan	Pennsylvania	1807	New Mexico	

Emmet, J. H	1852	Missouri	Iowa	1842	Salem
Eoff, J. L.	1847	Iowa	Kentucky	1812	Salem
Eoff, George	1847	Iowa	Kentucky	1807	Salem
Eoff, G. W.	1847	Oregon	Oregon	1847	Salem
Eberhard, Mrs. E.	1853	Michigan	Pennsylvania	1812	Champoeg
Everhard, H. L.	1853	Michigan	Michigan	1847	Champoeg
Foster John	1845	Missouri	Ohio	1822	
Friedley, Mrs. Amanda	1845	Illinois	Iowa	1836	
Foss, George W.	1845	Iowa	Iowa	1842	Salem
Forsythe, J. B.	1852	Indiana	Ohio	1826	Salem
Foss, Joseph H.	1845	Indiana	Missouri	1809	Salem
Foss, Mrs. Malinda	1845	Indiana	Kentucky	1812	Salem
Florence, A. B.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1811	
Franklin, S. B.	1850	Kentucky	Kentucky	1825	
Fullerton, L. B.	1851	Missouri	Missouri	1832	
Francis, A. L.	1852	Vermont	Vermont	1845	San Francisco
Ferris, A. J.	1851	Illinois	New York	1817	
Friedley, James K.	1847	Illinois	Pennsylvania	1822	
Foster, J. H.	1850	Minnesota	E. Tennessee	1824	
Florence, Mrs. Catherine S.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1815	
Flanders, George H.	1849	Massach'setts	Massach'setts	1821	Portland
Failing, Henry	1851		New York	1834	Portland
Fendall, C. E.	1843	Missouri	Maryland	1821	Sheridan
Geiger, Wm.	1839	New York	New York	1816	
Gray, Wm. Henry	1836	New York	New York	1810	Astoria
Gray, Mrs. Mary A. Dix	1838	New York	New York	1810	Astoria
Gay, George	1835	California	England	1810	
Goodwin, Wm. H.	1844		Connecticut	1813	
Gilbert, I. N.	1844	Missouri	New York	1818	Salem
Gesner, R. A.	1845	Illinois	New York	1815	Salem
Gesner, Alonzo	1845	Illinois	Illinois	1842	Salem
Goodell, Mrs. H.	1843		Kentucky	1822	
Geary, E. R.	1851	Maryland	Maryland	1811	Eugene City
Grim, John W.	1847	Illinois	Ohio	1820	Aurora

Author of Gray's History of Oregon.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativity.	Year of birth.	Post Office.	Remarks.
Grim, Mrs. Florence.	1847	Illinois	Ohio	1821	Aurora	
Geer, Joseph Cary, Sr.	1847	Illinois	Connecticut	1795	Butteville	
Gilfray, Henry H.	1844	Illinois	Illinois	1843	Salem	
Geer, Cal.	1847	Illinois	Ohio	1837	Silverton	
Gilbert, I. N.	1844	Illinois	New York	1818	Salem	
Gilbert, Mrs. I. N.	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1835	Salem	
Geer, R. C.	1847	Illinois	Connecticut	1816	Silverton	
Gibson, D.	1849	Illinois	Missouri	1812	Salem	
Ganter, John.	1852	Arkansas	Germany	1819		
Giesy, Martin (honorary).		Missouri	Pennsylvania	1835	Aurora	
Giesy, Mrs. Martha.		Missouri	Ohio	1843	Aurora	
Graves, Wesley	1852	Missouri	Ohio	1817	Salem	
Garrison, John M.	1846	Missouri	Missouri	1845	Salem	
Garrison, Rev. A. E.	1846	Missouri				
Greenwood, Mrs. Mary E.	1851	Illinois	Illinois	1836	Salem	Died August 7th, 1875.
Greenwood, John W.	1848	Iowa	Iowa	1838		
Guthrie, David M.	1846	Missouri	Missouri	1824		
Green, John.	1852	California	New York	1821		
Goodell, W. N.	1848		Massachusetts	1809		
Goodell, Mrs. Harriet.	1843		Kentucky	1822		
Grazer, J.	1845		Prussia	1825		
Gibbs, A. C.	1850	New York	New York	1825	Portland	
Gurney, R. M.	1852	Iowa	Ohio	1814	Ten Mile	Died March 15, 1878.
Galloway, Stephen H.	1852	England	England	1827	Portland	
Galloway, Annie E.		England	England		Portland	
Griffin, John S.	1839	Connecticut	Vermont	1807	Hillsboro	
Glenn, G. G.	1852	Ohio	Ohio	1828	Salem	

Grubbe, B. J.	1850	Missouri.	Virginia.	1815	Wilbur	
Graves, G. W.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1833	Sheridan	
Gilmore, S. M.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1815	The Dalles	
Gilmore, Mrs. M. A.	1843	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1818	The Dalles	
Geer, E. S.	1842	Missouri.	Missouri.	1842	Silverton	
Holman, Joseph.	1840	Illinois.	England.	1815	Salem.	
Hewett, Mrs. Elizabeth.	1843	Missouri.	Illinois.	1823	Salem.	
Hewett, Henry.	1843	Missouri.	Penn.	1822	Salem.	
Holman, D. S.	1843	Missouri.	E. Tennessee.	1824		
Hembree, W. C.	1843	Missouri.	E. Tennessee.	1829		
Hill, Almaron.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1822		
Hill, Mrs. Sarah J.	1843	Missouri.	Indiana.	1823		
Hoover, Jacob.	1844	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1814		
Hinman, A.	1844	Missouri.	New York.	1822	Astoria.	
Herren, Wm. J.	1845	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1824	Salem.	
Hall, Mrs. Cynthia A.	1845	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1804		
Henderson, Alvin H.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1845		
Holman, George.	1842	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1842	Salem.	
Higgins, S.	1851	Massachusetts.	Connecticut.	1818		
Haley, S. D.	1851	Missouri.	Virginia.	1805	Halsey.	
Hale, B. F.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820		
Holsclaw, B. F.	1849	Kentucky.	Kentucky.	1832	Kerbyville.	
Hanna, S.	1848	Illinois.	Penn.	1798		
Hubbard, C. S.	1850	Illinois.	Missouri.	1832		
Hovenden, Alfred.	1849	Illinois.	England.	1824		
Hovenden, Amos.	1852	Missouri.	England.	1831		
Hug, John.	1852	Illinois.	Switzerland.	1827		
Hoefler, John.	1852	Illinois.	Germany.	1826		
Hughes, John J.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio.	1830		
Hunsaker, J. T.	1846	Illinois.	Illinois.	1818	Marion	
Hattan, Mark.	1846	Illinois.	Virginia.	1821		
Harty, Franklin.	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1848		
Handley, T. B.	1850		V. Demon's L.	1841		
Hunsaker, T. H.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1824	Marion	

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri- ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Hill, Rev. R. C.	1851	Missouri.	Tennessee.		Albany.	
Henderson, Alvin H.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1840		
Hirsch, Leopole.	1851	Connecticut.	Germany	1824	Salem.	
Hanna, J. A.	1852	Pennsylvania	Ohio.	1823		
Hanna, Mrs. E. Belle.	1852	Pennsylvania	Ohio.	1823		
Hill, Henry.	1847	Illinois.	New York.	1829		
Hill, Mrs. Martha Ann.	1847	Missouri.	Kentucky	1834		
Herron, N.	1845	Missouri.	Indiana	1833	Salem.	
Hall, Z.	1853	Missouri.	Tennessee	1830	Salem.	
Hammer, Jacob	1844	Missouri.	Ohio.	1816	Monroe	
Hatch, Peter H.	1843	S. I.	Maine.	1810		
Hughes, G. H.	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky	1816	Albany.	
Hughes, Sarah A.	1847	Illinois.	Kentucky.	1818	Albany.	
Hibbard, K. L.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1837	Silverton	
Hill, F. R.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1824	Wilbur	
Henley, Mary Ann.	1845	Iowa.	Iowa.	1842	Oregon City	
Hadaway, E. C.	1852	Indiana.	Pennsylvania	1818	Dayton	
Hawley, J. H.	1844	Missouri.	Canada	1835	Bethel	
Hobson, Richard.	1843	Missouri.	England	1828	Astoria	
Holt, S. D.	1852	Missouri.	Tennessee	1831		
Hughes, J. T.	1847	Illinois.	Illinois.	1840	Albany.	
Haskins, J. J.	1850	Missouri.	Maryland	1822	Corvallis	
Haskins, Mrs. I. J.	1850	Missouri.	Tennessee	1832	Corvallis	
Hendershott, Mrs. E. H.	1850	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1850	Dayton, W. T.	
Hunt, G. W.	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1831	Sublimity	
Hall, Dr. C. H.	1853	Indiana.	Kentucky.	1835	Salem.	
Hardenburgh, P. D. W.	1850	N. Brunswick	N. Brunswick	1822	Portland	

Irvin, Richard.....	1850 Iowa.....	Ireland.....	1814.....	1814.....
Irvin, Mrs. Louisa.....	1850 Missouri.....	Germany.....	1832.....	1832.....
Judson, Leonard B.....	1840 New York.....	New York.....	1832 Salem.....	1832.....
Jeffries, E.....	1844 England.....	England.....	1819.....	1819.....
Jenkins, Wm.....	1844 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1833.....	1833.....
Jeffries, S. M.....	1845 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1836.....	1836.....
Jackson, J. B.....	1849 New York.....	New York.....	1823.....	1823.....
James, Martin.....	1852 Kentucky.....	Kentucky.....	1818.....	1818.....
Jones, S. L.....	1852 Iowa.....	Kentucky.....	1811.....	1811.....
Judson, Mrs. Margaret.....	1852 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1837 Salem.....	1837.....
Jones, Geo. H.....	1852 Ohio.....	New York.....	1822 Salem.....	1822.....
Jefferson, Delos.....	1850 Ohio.....	New York.....	1824.....	1824.....
Johnston, A. H.....	1852.....	England.....	1830 Salem.....	1830.....
Jory, H. S.....	1847 New York.....	N. Brunswick.....	1836 Salem.....	1836.....
Johnson, Hiram A.....	1847 Illinois.....	New York.....	1819 Salem.....	1819.....
Johnson, Joseph D.....	1850 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1843.....	1843.....
Johnson, Archibald.....	1852 Missouri.....	Indiana.....	1833.....	1833.....
Johnson, Mrs. Cynthia E.....	1847 Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1833.....	1833.....
Jennings, B.....	1847.....	Kentucky.....	1807 Oregon City.....	1807.....
Jackson, Geo. W.....	1845 Illinois.....	Pennsylvania.....	1825 Glad Tidings.....	1825.....
Johnson, A. L.....	1847 Iowa.....	Tennessee.....	1838 Forest Grove.....	1838.....
Jenkins, H. C.....	1844 Missouri.....	Kentucky.....	1836 Dallas.....	1836.....
Jack, R. A.....	1845 Iowa.....	Ohio.....	1833 Oregon City.....	1833.....
Johnson, D.....	1847 Missouri.....	Tennessee.....	1822 Butte Creek.....	1822.....
Johnson, Mrs. E.....	1844 Indiana.....	Massachusetts.....	1812 Lafayette.....	1812.....
Johnson, P. C.....	1844 Indiana.....	New York.....	1828 Lafayette.....	1828.....
Kaiser, P. C.....	1843 Arkansas.....	Tennessee.....	1825 Salem.....	1825.....
King, Solomon.....	1843 Iowa.....	Iowa.....	Died 1876.....	Died 1876.....
King, Mrs. Ann M.....	1845 Missouri.....	Massachusetts.....	1823 Astoria.....	1823.....
Knaggs, George H.....	1852 Michigan.....	Massachusetts.....	1823 The Dalles.....	1823.....
Kinney, R. C.....	1847 Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1830 Salem.....	1830.....
Kinney, Samuel.....	1847 Illinois.....	Illinois.....	1813.....	1813.....
Kendall, Jehial S.....	1847 Missouri.....	Vermont.....	1811.....	1811.....
Kendall, Mrs M. A.....	1847 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1817.....	1817.....
	1847 Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1822.....	1822.....

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Kinder, Franklin P.	1847	Missouri...	Virginia...	1828	...	...
Kinder, Mrs. R. I.	1852	Missouri...	Missouri...	1835	...	...
Kinney, Albert W.	1847	Iowa...	Iowa...	1843	Salem.	...
Kinney, Mrs. Virginia...		Born in Or'g'n	Oregon...	1848	...	...
Kendall, Wm. O.	1852	Illinois...	Illinois...	1832	...	...
Kinsey, Eason.	1847	Missouri...	Missouri...	1826	...	...
Kinsey, Mrs. M. J.	1852	Missouri...	Missouri...	1835	...	...
King, W.	1846	Tennessee...	N. Carolina...	1822	Silverton	...
Kelley, I. W.	1847	Missouri...	Kentucky...	1837	Portland	...
Key, E. C.	1850	Ohio...	New York...	1826	Perrydale.	...
Looney, Jesse.	1845	Kentucky...	Kentucky...	1808	Jefferson...	Died 1860.
Looney, Mrs. Ruby.	1845	Kentucky...	Kentucky...	1810	Jefferson...	...
Lee, Ruben.	1850	Missouri...	Illinois...	1828	Aumsville	...
Lovejoy, A. L.	1842	Massachusetts	Massachusetts	1811	Oregon City	...
Lovejoy, Mrs. Elizabeth	1843	Kentucky...	Kentucky...	...	...	...
Laughlin, Wm.		...	...	...	...	...
Leonard, B. A.	1851	Missouri...	Pennsylvania	1819	...	...
Lewis, W. M'D.	1847	Missouri...	Missouri...	1837	...	...
Larocque, Geo.	1847	Missouri...	Canada...	1820	...	...
Lane, Nat. H.	1849	Indiana...	Indiana...	...	E. Portland.	...
Lane, Mrs. Jane.	1852	Virginia...	Virginia...	...	E. Portland.	...
Leslie, Geo.	1852	Indiana...	Ohio...	1825	Salem.	...
Laaton, John.	1847	Ohio...	Ohio...	1823	Philomath...	...
Looney, David H.	1849	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon...	1849	Jefferson.	...
Livingston, Elijah.	1851	Missouri...	Missouri...	1840	...	...
Looney, Miss Pauline.	1847	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon...	1847	Jefferson...	...
Laughlin, R. R.	1847	Missouri...	Missouri...	1828	...	...

Laughlin, John.....	1850	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1822
Laughlin, Mrs. Susan.....	1850	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1825
Laughlin, Wm.....	1847	Missouri.....	Missouri.....	1830
Laughlin, Mrs. P.....	1848	Indiana.....	Indiana.....	1839
Lancefield, R. J.....	1846	England.....	England.....	1817
Lyman, Horace.....	1848	New York.....	Massah'setts.....	1815
Lewis, C. H.....	1851	New York.....	New Jersey.....	1824
Leabo, Jacob.....	1847	California.....	Tennessee.....	1795
Lawson, G. W.....	1852	Iowa.....	New York.....	1817
Lewis, Ruben.....	1842	Iowa.....	New York.....	1814
Lambert, J. H.....	1850	Iowa.....	Milwaukee.....	1825
Lehnua, C.....	1851	Illinois.....	Myrtle Point.....	1816
Loson, Andrew.....	1846	Missouri.....	Aumsville.....	1825
Manson, Donald.....	1826	Scotland.....	North Britain.....	1799
Meek, Joseph L.....	1829	Missouri.....	Virginia.....	1810
McClain, Mrs. Helen.....	1840	New York.....	Hillsboro.....	1834
Mathieu, F. X.....	1842	Missouri.....	Salem.....	1817
Moss, Sidney, W.....	1842	Arkansas.....	Canada.....	1810
Martin, Norman.....	1842	Scotland.....	Kentucky.....	1810
Moss, Mrs. Darcus M.....	1843	Missouri.....	Scotland.....	1817
McClain, John B.....	1843	Pennsylvania.....	Kentucky.....	1820
McDaniel, Wm.....	1843	Missouri.....	Pennsylvania.....	1820
Mack, N. P.....	1843	S. Islands.....	Tennessee.....	1820
Minto, John.....	1844	Pennsylvania.....	Massah'setts.....	1813
Minto, Mrs. Martha.....	1844	Missouri.....	England.....	1822
Markham, Alfred.....	1845	Missouri.....	Salem.....	1833
McMullen, J. H.....	1845	Illinois.....	Missouri.....	1818
McNary, A. W.....	1845	Illinois.....	Maryland.....	1823
Mulkey, C. J.....	1851	Born in Or'g'n.....	New York.....	1836
Moore, John H.....	1852	Illinois.....	Eola.....	1851
Miller, Wm.....	1846	Illinois.....	Oregon.....	1821
Morris, W. C.....	1850	Iowa.....	Alabama.....	1817
McElroy, T. F.....	1849	Illinois.....	Scotland.....	1817
McKay, Wm.....	1826	Born in Or'g'n.....	N. Carolina.....	1829
			Ohio.....	1826
			Oregon.....	1826
			The Dalles.....	

Died June 21, 1875.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Native.	Year of birth.	Post Office.	Remarks.
McKay, James.	1847	Illinois.	Ireland.	1819		
Majors, W. B.	1852	Ohio.	W. Virginia.	1819	Gervais.	
Minto, John W.	1848	Oregon.	Oregon.	1848	Salem.	
Markham, Alfred.	1845	Missouri.	Maryland	1818		
McMullen, Mrs. Tizgah B.	1851	Indiana.	Ohio.	1832		
Miller, John F.	1851	Missouri.	Kentucky	1824	Salem.	
Miller, Mrs. J. F.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828	Salem.	
Moor, J. M.	1847	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1809		
Moore, Isaac R.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1831	Salem.	
McAllister, Harden.	1848	Illinois.	Illinois.	1827	Howell Prie.	
McClain, Geo. F.	1850	Oregon.	Oregon.	1850	Salem.	
McCraken, John	1850		England	1826	Portland	
McCulley, A. A.	1852	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1818	Salem.	
McCulley, David.	1852	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1825	Salem.	
Morgan, Wm.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio.	1831	Salem.	
McCulley, J. D.	1852	Missouri.	Kentucky	1820	Salem.	
Munkers, W. R.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1819	Salem.	
Munkers, Mrs. Mehala	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1818	Salem.	
McCulley, J. W.	1851	Iowa.	N. Brunswick	1820	Salem.	
Morris, A. B.	1850	Illinois.	Illinois.	1832		
Magers, John E.	1852	Ohio.	Ohio.	1847		
Magers, Mrs. Mary J.	1852	Ohio.	Ohio.	1828		
McCain, Pariss.	1847	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824		
McLinch, B. F.	1852	Illinois.	Maine.	1835		
McNary, Mrs. Ellen	1852		Iowa.			
McKinney, Wm	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1821		
McKinney, Mrs. Matilda	1847	Missouri.	Kentucky	1832		

McKinney, Edwin E.	1847	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1847	1847
Moore, John W.	1850	Missouri.	Tennessee	1828	1828
Moore, Mrs. Rachel A.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	1832
Mulkey, Mrs. Susan	1847	Missouri.	Virginia.	1809	1809
Martin, Jacob	1847	Iowa.	Pennsylvania	1810	1810
Miller, Rev. J. W.	1850	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1823	1823
Miller, Chris.	1848	Indiana	Indiana.	1830	Jefferson.
Meek, C. W.	1840	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1840	Hillsboro.
Moor, M. T.	1847	Illinois.	Ohio.	1832	Albany.
Meldrum, John W.	1845	Iowa.	Iowa.	1837	Oregon City.
Morris, Robert L.	1852	Indiana.	New Jersey.	1835	Oregon City.
Morrison, A.	1853	Wisconsin.	Vermont	1820	La Grande.
Martin, M. P.	1850	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1819	Cottage Grove
Moreland, Julius C.	1852	Illinois.	Tennessee.	1846	Portland
Mathoit, P. E.	1853	Ohio	France.	1839	Woodburn.
Monieth, Thomas	1847	Illinois.	New York.	1824	Albany
Martin, F.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1824	Lafayette.
McDowell, S. W.	1853	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1830	Salem.
Nesmith, James W.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee	1820	Dixie.
Noble, Henry	1845	Missouri.	Pennsylvania	1805	1805
Neal, Calvin.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1823	Aumsville.
Nesmith, Mrs. Pauline	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1831	Dixie
Newsom, David	1851	Illinois.	Virginia.	1805	1805
Nelson, J. C.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1827	Lafayette.
Nesbitt, Wm.	1852	Iowa.	New York.	1815	Salem.
Nicklin, A. I.	1850	Iowa.	Virginia.	1828	Eugene City.
Nicklin, John I. O.	1850	Iowa.	Virginia.	1835	Dallas
Newby, W. T.	1843	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1821	McMinnville.
Nelson, C. S.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1801	W. Chealem.
Oakly, S. J.	1851	New York.	New York.	1810	1810
Olds, R.	1844	Indiana.	New York.	1812	Lafayette.
Parrish, Rev. Josiah L.	1840	New York.	New York.	1806	1806
Phillips, John	1845	Missouri.	England	1814	1814
Phillips, Mrs. Elizabeth	1845	Missouri.	England	1819	1819

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arri ved.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Pugh, John M.	1845	Indiana.	Indiana.	1820		
Pugh, Mrs. F. D.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832		
Piper, E. H.	1852	Indiana.	Illinois.	1830		
Pentland, Robert	1845	England	England	1822	Dallas	
Palmer, Joel	1845	Indiana	New York	1818	Dayton	
Piette, John B. P.	1850	Missouri.	Canada	1830		
Pettyjohn, Lewis	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820	Salem.	
Pugh, Wm. Porter	1845	Indiana.	Pennsylvania	1818	Salem.	
Pugh, Mrs. Florence	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Salem	Died Feb. 2, 1878.
Painter, Wm. C.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1830		
Phillips, A. G.	1851	Ohio	Ohio	1822		
Palmer, P. D.	1851	Illinois.	Pennsylvania	1823	Salem.	
Poujade, L. H.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1828		
Pearce, Asby.	1852	Indiana.	Indiana.	1821		
Phillips, Phile.	1852	Illinois.	Germany	1825		
Pitman, William M.	1851	Ohio.	Ohio	1827		
Porter, William G.	1848	Missouri.	Virginia.	1820	Aumsville	
Porter, Mrs. Elizabeth.	1848	Missouri.	Alabama	1826	Aumsville	
Pugh, Mrs. Sallie M	1852		Missouri.	1828		
Potter, Robert.	1852		New York	1816	New York	
Payne, Martin.	1843	Arkansas	Arkansas	1838	Bellview	
Phillips, R. W.	1853	Louisiana.	Alabama.	1832	Amity	
Perkins, John	1844	Indiana	New York	1811	N. Yamhill	
Pope, W. H.	1851	New York	New York	1840	Oregon City	
Pope, C. W.	1851	New York	New York	1833	Oregon City	
Paquet, Peter	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1839	Oregon City	
Porter, Stephen.	1848	Illinois.	Missouri.	1819	Silverton	

Porter, L. C.	1852	Indiana	New York	1831	Salem.
Parker, A.	1850	Iowa.	Ohio.	1828	Albany.
Peebles, J. C.	1850	Indiana.	Penn.	1826	Salem.
Rees, Willard H.	1844	Illinois.	Delaware.	1818	Butteville
Rowland, Levi Lindsey.	1844	Missouri.	Tennessee.	1831	
Reed, Thomas M.	1845	Iowa.	N Hampshire	1812	
Reed, Mrs. Nancy	1845	Iowa.	Illinois.	1815	
Raymond, P. H.	1852				
Ruge, Thomas.	1845	Missouri.	Germany	1801	
Randolph, Mrs. Fire	1847	Illinois.	New York	1825	
Rees, Mrs. Amanda M.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828	Butteville
Rees, Mrs. America F.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1841	
Richies, George.	1847	Illinois.	England	1821	
Reed, S. G.	1852		Massachuset's	1830	Portland
Rolan, Mrs. Rachel.	1847	Illinois.	Canada	1809	
Roberts, A.	1852		Scotland	1826	
Reed, Cyrus A.					
Risley, O.	1845	Ohio.	New York	1804	
Raddick, S.	1852		Bavaria.	1834	
Rainwater, A. M.	1847	Missouri.	N Carolina.	1820	Albany.
Rainwater, Mrs. S. E.	1852	Penn.	Tennessee.	1833	
Robinson, I. C.	1850	Iowa.	Ohio	1827	Amity
Roberts, Rev. William.	1847	New Jersey.	New Jersey	1812	Portland
Reams, T. G.					
Rinearson, Peter M.	1845	Iowa.	Ohio.	1819	Oregon City
Riggs, R. A.	1845	Missouri.	Illinois.	1827	Salem.
Stewart, P. G.	1843	Missouri.	New York.	1809	
Stoughton, John A.	1843		Massach'setts	1830	
Snowdon, S. D.	1844	Missouri.	England	1818	
Smith, Simcon	1844	Missouri.	Ohio.	1823	Salem.
Shaw, Thos. C.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1823	Silverton
Savage, Wm.	1845	Missouri.	New York.	1826	
Scott, Price	1845	Missouri.	Indiana.	1825	
Smith, Green B.	1845	Missouri.	Virginia.	1820	Corvallis.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Admitted.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Staats, Stephen.	1845	Missouri.	New York.	1821	Monmouth.	
Scroggins, S.	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832		
Smith, Geo. D.	1845	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824		
Smith, Alvin T.	1840		Connecticut.	1808		
Straight, Hiram A.	1843	Illinois.	New York.	1814		
Stover, D. J.	1852	Arkansas.	Arkansas.	1838		
Sanburn, J. R.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1835		
Shirley, James.	1847	Tennessee.	Tennessee.	1817		
Sparks, R.	1850	Tennessee.	N. Carolina.	1823		
Shannon, Davis.	1845	Illinois.	Indiana.		Silverton.	
Savage, M. R.	1846	Michigan.	Michigan.	1838		
Straight, Mrs. Susan.	1843	Illinois.	New York.	1817		
Story, George S.	1851	Maryland.	Maryland.	1833	Portland.	
Simpson, Benjamin.	1849	Tennessee.	Missouri.	1812	Portland.	
Simpson, Mrs. Nancy.	1849	Missouri.	Missouri.	1813	Portland.	
Smith, Mrs. Molly.	1842	N. Hampshire.	N. Hampshire.	1799	Dayton.	
Smith, Joseph.	1847	Ohio.	Ohio.	1827		
Short, R. V.	1847	Ohio.				
Smith, Mrs. V. E.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1828		
Smith, F. R.	1846	New York.	New York.	1819	Salem.	
Shrum, John W.	1846	New York.	Missouri.	1822	Salem.	
Shrum, Mrs. J. W.	1847	New York.	Missouri.	1830	Salem.	
Starkey, Mrs. J. L.	1852	Iowa.	Ohio.	1823	Salem.	
Smith, J. B. V.	1852	Wisconsin.	Wisconsin.	1850	Salem.	
Savage, John.	1846	Michigan.	Ohio.	1826	Salem.	
Sawyer, Joseph.	1850	Missouri.	Vermont.	1818		
Starr, Milton L.	1846	Missouri.	Indiana.	1833		

Died January, 1878.

Stephens, A.	1849	Missouri.	Kentucky	1819		1819
Shedd, Mrs. P.	1848	Iowa.	Ohio	1832		1832
Scriber, C. W.	1850	S. America.	New York	1822	Salem.	1822
Scriber, Mrs. M. J.	1850	Missouri.	Missouri.	1830	Salem.	1830
Smith, Henry	1846	Missouri.	Tennessee	1818	Aumsville	1818
Smith, Mrs. Susan T.	1846	Missouri.	Kentucky	1820		1820
Shell, G. W.	1852	Ohio.	Virginia	1820		1820
Savier, T. A.	1850	California	Vermont	1823		1823
Scott, Harvey W.	1852	Illinois	Illinois.	1838	Portland	1838
Scott, Mrs. Elizabeth A. N.	1850		Virginia			
Scott, John T.	1852		Kentucky	1809		1809
Skidmore, S. G.	1850	Illinois.	Illinois.	1838	Portland	1838
Stoughton, Mrs. F. E.	1846		Georgia	1833		1833
Slater, James H.	1850	Illinois	Illinois.	1827	Union	1827
Slrver, G. W.	1853	Missouri.	Indiana	1833	Salem.	1833
Shrum, N.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1836	Salem.	1836
Spong, Wm.	1851	Iowa.	Iowa.	1845	Lincoln.	1845
Sitton, M. K.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1825	McMinnville.	1825
Sheffield, James F.	1852	Ohio.	Ohio.	1825	Roseburg.	1825
Shelton, L. T.	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1848	Oakland, W T	1848
Strong, Dr. C. C.	1850	Ohio.	Ohio	1845	Portland	1845
Straight, Jr., Hiram	1848	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1848	Oregon City.	1848
Shipley, Adam Randolph.	1852	Ohio.	Pennsylvania	1828	Oregon City.	1828
Stanley, James	1846	Missouri.	Ohio.	1836	Salem.	1836
Shannon, Milton.	1851	Illinois.	Indiana.	1825	Monroe	1825
Sargent, L. C.	1851	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon		Perrydale.	
Stouffer, Johnson.	1851	Indiana	Pennsylvania	1825	Perrydale.	1825
Stouton, Mrs. L.	1846	Missouri.	Missouri.	1808	Salem.	1808
Sanford, R.	1850	Illinois.	England	1831	Silverton	1831
Tharp, E. A.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1820		1820
Taylor, Chris	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1822	Dayton.	1822
Thompson, R. R.	1846		Pennsylvania	1820	Portland	1820
Thornton, J. Quinn.	1846	Illinois.	Virginia	1810	Salem.	1810
Thompson, Wm.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri	1847		1847

Died in 1874.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of birth	Post Office.	Remarks.
Townsend, Thomas.	1846	Georgia.	Massach'setts	1835	Salem.	
Townsend, Ira S.	1847	Missouri.	Missouri.	1829		
Teal, Joseph.	1852		Prussia	1827		
Trollinger, Mrs. Hannah	1852		Indiana	1836		
Taylor, W. H.	1852		Iowa			
Trollinger, J. C.	1848		Mass'achusetts	1809		
Taylor, M. C.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1846	Turner.	
Tupper, R. S.	1847	Illinois.	N. Brunswick	1822	Salem.	
Tupper, Mrs. M.	1847	Missouri.	Indiana	1836	Salem.	
Terrel, E. R.	1849	Illinois.	Ohio.	1822	Woodburn.	
Tompkins, David D.	1847	Ohio.	New York.	1802	Oregon City	
Tompkins, Elizabeth	1847	Ohio.	New York.	1812	Oregon City	Deceased.
Tarbox, S. L.	1843	Missouri.	Maine.	1812	Monroe.	
Taylor, William	1847	Illinois.	New York	1817	Butte Creek	
Townsend, J. W.	1845	Missouri.	Vermont	1819	Salem.	
Umphlet, Stanley	1845	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Perrydale	
Vanbibber, Lazarus.	1846	Illinois	S. Carolina	1808		
Vanbibber, Mrs. Martha.	1846	Illinois	Tennessee	1806		
Vanderwalker, William	1847	Illinois	Tennessee	1806		
Vaughn, J. S.	1852	Ohio.	New York.	1819		
Voss, J. H.	1845	Iowa.	Ohio.	1829		
Walker, Rev. Elkinah	1838	Maine.	Maine.	1809		Died Nov. 21, 1877.
Walker, Mrs. Mary E.	1838	Maine.	Maine.	1805		
Waldo, William	1843	Missouri.	Forest Grove.	1811		
Whitley, Mrs. S.	1843	Missouri.	Missouri.	1832	Salem.	
Watt, Joseph.	1844	Missouri.	Kentucky.	1829		
			Ohio.	1817		

Williams, Charles Austin	1845	Illinois	Massachusetts	1808	
Walley, A. W.	1845	Missouri	Virginia	1821	
Walling, Jr., Albert W.	1847	Iowa	Iowa	1847	
Walker, W. M.	1848	Missouri	Virginia	1814	
Williams, John J.	1845	Tennessee	Tennessee	1830	
Walker, C. C.	1845	Missouri	Virginia	1819	
Wilson, Bush W.	1850	Maine	Maine	1824	Corvallis
Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth M.	1851	New York	New York	1830	Dallas
Whitney, James	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1838	
Whitney, Robert	1847	Indiana	Indiana	1834	
Walton, James	1851				
Whitney, William	1847	Indiana	England	1808	
Whitney, Mrs. Elizabeth	1847	Indiana	England	1808	
Walton, Mrs. Elizabeth	1851	N. Zealand	England	1818	
Williams, J. L.	1845	Missouri	Tennessee	1826	Salem
Weatherford, J. W.	1852	Iowa	Iowa	1842	Salem
Woodworth, C. S.	1851	California	Vermont	1819	Salem
Walling, G. W.	1847	Iowa	Ohio	1818	
Walling, Mrs. G. W.	1847	Iowa	Ohio	1810	
Warren, Henry	1847	Missouri	N. Scotia	1817	
White, W. L.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1819	Oregon City
White, Mrs. Mary E.	1850	Missouri	Virginia	1823	Oregon City
Westcott, Louis	1851	Mexico	England	1820	Salem
Walling, Sr., A. G.	1849		Illinois	1828	Portland
Whitaker, Anthony	1846	Missouri	Ireland	1809	
Williams, George	1851	Ohio	Ohio	1839	Salem
Williams, Mrs. Emma Adams	1852	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon	1852	Salem
Watson, S.	1849	Illinois	Illinois	1845	
Waters, A. W.	1852	Iowa	Ohio	1833	
Waite, Edward M.	1852	Massachusetts	Massachusetts	1830	Salem
Watt, Alexander	1852	California	Ohio	1834	
Wheeler, Jason	1847	Iowa	Tennessee	1821	
Wilson, Gustaf	1852	California	Russia		
Wagnon, George B.	1853	Indiana	Kentucky	1800	Salem

REGISTER OF MEMBERS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

NAMES OF MEMBERS.	Arrived.	Where From.	Place Nativ'y	Year of bi'th	Post Office.	Remarks.
Walker, C. H.	1838	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1838	Forest Grove.	First white born in Oregon now living.
Watt, Ahio S.	1848	Missouri.	Ohio.	1824	Forest Grove.	
Whitlock, Wm. T.	1850	Victoria.	Victoria	1848	Oregon City.	
Wallace, James	1854	Born in Or'g'n	Oregon.	1851	Fresport, W.T.	
Wheeler, Jason.	1817	Michigan	New York	1823	Albany.	
Walker, Robert.	1844	Missouri.	Missouri.	1825	Greenville.	
Wait, G. T.	1852	Illinois.	Kentucky	1833	Zena.	
Wright, W. T.	1852	Illinois.	Illinois.	1845	Union.	
Wilson, G. W.	1851	Vermont	Vermont	1824	Dayton	
Yocum, Franklin.	1851	Illinois.	Kentucky	1820	Salem.	
Yocum, Mrs. Nancy J.	1851	Illinois.	Kentucky	1821	Salem.	
Young, Andrew J.	1852	Missouri.	Missouri.	1835		
Young, Mrs. Huldah S.	1851	Missouri.	Missouri.	1835		
Zieber, Albert.	1851	Illinois.	Maryland	1830	Portland	
OMITTED.						
Ford, Nehemiah.	1843	N. Carolina.	N. Carolina.	1815	Walla Walla.	

RECAPITULATION.

Total number on roll.	730
" " lady members.	131
" " deaths	17
Total number of contributing members.	582